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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A SONG IN WINTER.

You turn the gloom to gold!
 The skies are grey, and the sea;
 And the old year's fingers cold
 Have left not a leaf on the tree;
 And the landward winds still moan and
 scold,—
 Yet nothing reck to me,
 Whose gloom is turned to gold!

But in greenest growth of the spring
 So but we two be apart,
 And what's the song the birds sing
 To my sick, sore, weary heart,—
 Though in anthems high the glad woods ring,
 And when cuckoo is gone the nightingale's
 king,—

If we, sweet *Briar*, are apart, apart,
 In the flush o' the fairest spring!
 Blackwood's Magazine. C. W. B.

THE DYING KNIGHT.

THE day of sorrow, death, defeat is o'er,
 Closed ere the sinking of the blood-red sun.
 The fierce, fell rage of battle throbs no more,
 And my last fight is sadly lost and won.
 The slowly waning moon sheds fitful light
 On the drear field of battle, heaped with
 dead—

On idle armor and the wreck of fight,
 On broken swords, their brightness dull
 and red.

Alone, alone I die on this wide heath,
 No help, no hope; and yet I die content.
 The stiff blood freezes o'er my wound of
 death:

But for the cause my life is gladly spent;
 For king and country, all my wounds in front,
 Gladly and proudly give I youth and life.
 Well have I borne me in the battle's brunt;
 Not without honor fall I in the strife.

And so, my heart,
 No moan, no idle moan.
 I've played a manly part,
 And I must die alone.

Farewell, farewell,
 Farewell to life—and love!

And yet, and yet, between me and the skies
 There swims one thought that lends to
 death a pang:

They haunt me now, those dear and tender
 eyes—

Eyes which I loved as knight, as minstrel
 sang.

Thou should'st have hailed thy warrior's
 proud return,

Thou should'st have welcomed back thy
 victor knight;

Now must thou mourn above the funeral urn
 Of thy lost lover—dying thus to-night.

Oh, lady, dear! so loved, my young heart's
 queen!

Love yields to Death the joys that might have
 been.

Could I but see her, hear that voice's tone
 For the last time, it were such tender bliss!
 In vain, in vain! for I must die alone,
 No word from her, no touch, no last long
 kiss!

Farewell, farewell,
 Farewell to life and love!
 Dearest, we two must meet
 There, there, above.
 Farewell! Farewell!

H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

Gentleman's Magazine.

ROSES AND MEMORIES.

SONNET.

GLOAM and a greyness as of breaking night
 Till the June day awakens, till the hush
 Breaks into song of throstle, and the lush
 Long grasses stir and quiver, dewy bright.

A world of dusky crimsons, with the white
 Snow petals budding, and the fragrant blush
 Of the moss-rose—an ever deepening flush
 Of flowers that wait the love-kiss of the light.

So breaks the morn of roses; but, alas!
 Dead Junes have left their memories, a flower
 Pressed between storied leaves, a twist of
 grass

Once fitted to my finger in that bower
 Of twilight blooms. Oh love! though youth
 must pass,

Life holds the mem'ry of that golden hour.
 Chambers' Journal. C. A. DAWSON.

A SONG.

To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is
 done,

And darkness rises from the fallen sun.

To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;

Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.

To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be
 past!

Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.

To sleep! to sleep!

New Review.

TENNYSON.

AH, love, I cannot die, I cannot go

Down in the dark and leave you all alone!

Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,

And never shut me underneath a stone.

Dead in the grave! And I can never hear

If you are ill or if you miss me dear.

Dead, oh my God! and you may need me yet;

While I shall sleep; while I—while I—
 forget!

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

From Temple Bar.
HORACE WALPOLE'S TWIN WIVES.

IT is generally — and correctly — supposed that the brilliant cynic of Strawberry Hill lived and died a bachelor. But there were two charming sisters who in later life he called his "wives," to whom his caustic pen was always gentle, for whose welfare he showed the most chivalrous consideration, and who occupied his thoughts as constantly as Stellar and Vanessa did those of Swift, without their having to pay much of Stella and Vanessa's bitter penalty.

Some small portion of that penalty, indeed, fell on the sensitive and high-spirited Mary Berry and caused her acute pain. Envious and narrow-minded people professed to see mercenary motives in the friendship of a beautiful young woman for a septuagenarian, and were contemptuously incredulous of the intellectual sympathy which united them. As regards Horace Walpole himself, it seems possible that the suspicions of his jealous relatives had some foundation, and that for one brief moment he vainly urged Mary Berry to become the "wife" he loved to call her. If so, it does them both the greater honor that his loyal devotion never failed, from the meeting at which he "found her an angel," until, nine years later, she and her sister were the only comforters he desired by his deathbed.

Walpole's "sarcastic levity of tongue" and frequent want of charity are familiar as household words; it is only fair to see him sometimes in the cordial and sympathetic mood which he showed consistently to Marshal Conway, Sir Horace Mann, and a few other friends, occasionally to some of his own family, but most warmly to the two favorite companions of his last years. As it is impossible to walk through the rich woods of Mapledurham without seeing in "the mind's eye" Pope loitering by the side of his

Fair-haired Martha and Theresa brown, so the bowery gardens of Strawberry Hill, by the same winding Thames, are haunted by the spare form of Horace Walpole, with his keen face and observant eyes, attended by the graceful sisters — the elder "sweet, with fine dark eyes that are very

lively when she speaks," and the younger — "agreeable, sensible, and almost handsome."

Mary and Agnes were the daughters of Robert Berry, who began life with "great expectations" from a maternal uncle named Ferguson; a Scotch merchant who made £300,000, bought an estate in Fife-shire, and married Miss Townshend of Honnington Hall, but could never be persuaded to leave his gloomy house of business in Austin Friars. Mr. Ferguson had no children, and his elder nephew, whom he sent to college, "bred to the law," and then despatched on a continental tour, was naturally regarded as his heir. But Robert displeased his uncle by marrying a portionless daughter of the Yorkshire Setons, and further disappointed him by having no sons himself, and by refusing to marry again immediately, when his beautiful young wife died in 1767, after four happy years.

Of my mother [writes Miss Berry] I have only the idea of having seen a tall, thin young woman in a pea-green gown, seated in a chair, seeming unwell, from whom I was sent away to play elsewhere. Of my own irreparable loss I never acquired a just idea till some years after, when my father told us that my mother, on hearing some one say I was a fine child and they hoped I should be handsome, replied, "All she prayed to Heaven for her child was that it might receive a *vigorous understanding*." This prayer of a mother of eighteen for her first daughter impressed on my mind all I must have lost in such a parent.*

Thenceforward Mr. Ferguson chose to consider as his heir William Berry, who married a rich wife of the house of Crawford, had two sons, and was "a sharp lad with a mercantile training," altogether better suited to Austin Friars than his literary and indolent elder brother. An allowance of three hundred pounds a year was made to Robert, and

He was allowed to sink into the state of a disinherited man, without any of the pity such a state generally inspires. While yet a mere child [writes his daughter Mary] I suffered in spirits from the little privations his very narrow income entailed on us; every expense of

* Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry, 1783-1852, vol. i., p. 5; edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. Longmans, 1866.

education was denied us, and all the thoughtlessness of youth was lost in the continual complaints I heard and difficulties I saw. . . . From my father's disposition his children had little to hope or to depend on, for he was quite as little careful about our future prospects and success as he could ever have been about his own.

When Mary and Agnes were twelve and eleven, the extreme precocity of his elder daughter led Mr. Berry to suppose that the cost of a governess could be dispensed with, and the sisters were left to their own devices, —

To be as idle and read what books we pleased; for neither of us had the least religious education been at all thought of. It was the age of Voltaire, and his doctrines had been adopted by all the *soi-disant* Scotch wits. My dear grandmother, indeed, made me read the Psalms and chapters every morning, but as neither comment nor explanation of their history was given, I hated the duty and escaped it when I could. . . . In 1774 my grandmother took me to visit Mr. Loveday, at Caversham, Berks, an old Tory country gentleman who had married a cousin of hers. . . . He saw much of all the clergymen in his neighborhood. At dinner the first toast was always "Church and King;" the second, "To the flourishing of the two Universities;" the third, "To Maudlin College," where he had been educated. He was an accomplished scholar, and delighted to find me apt in recalling to his mind passages from the Roman poets.

In 1781 Mr. Ferguson died, aged ninety-three; William Berry inherited £300,000 in the funds and the Scotch estate of £4,000 a year, whilst Robert only received £10,000.* William then settled a thousand a year on his brother, and Robert celebrated his improved circumstances by taking his daughters for a tour in England and a long visit to the Crawfords in Rotterdam, after which they went up the Rhine to Switzerland, and thence to Italy. From this period Mary Berry dates the awakening of her mind and the formation of her character.

I felt my understanding and imagination increase every day [she says] but I soon found

* When the will was read the chief executor asked Robert Berry if he thought his share too much!

that I had to lead those who ought to have led me; that I must be a protecting mother instead of a gay companion to my sister, and to my father a guide and monitor, instead of finding in him a tutor and protector.

One cannot but suspect that the melancholy temperament, of which Miss Berry makes frequent and full confession, led her to exaggerate the disadvantages of her early years — or at all events their lasting effects; for her success when she did enter society was marked and instantaneous. She and her sister were amongst the few English women who, without superlative rank, beauty, intellect, or wealth, held a salon to which the possessors of these advantages constantly crowded. For half a century they knew every one best worth knowing, and they had that sympathetic charm which creates reputations amongst contemporaries more difficult than any others to convey or explain to posterity.

While in Rome, where they arrived in November, 1783, the Berrys went to see the pope celebrate a high mass, at which the emperor Joseph (son of Maria Theresa), and the unfortunate Gustavus III. of Sweden were also spectators; and which Mary, with a touch of the Voltairianism she deprecated, calls "the grandest and best acted pantomime that can be imagined." They were presented to the pope (Pius VI.), and to the Duchess of Parma (a sister of Marie Antoinette), whom they found "tall, well-made, like the emperor, but not near so well-looking, ill and oddly dressed, rather masculine in her voice and manner, with a considerable degree of hauteur." Nelson's Caroline, queen of Naples, on the other hand, another daughter of "King Maria Theresa," was "very gracious in her manner, and very ready at the necessary conversation."

The king of Sweden became friendly with the Berrys, accompanying them on several of their excursions, and showing himself an excellent traveller, always good-humored and regardless of bad weather. They "did" everything, whilst in Italy, with most praiseworthy energy — picture-galleries, ruins, churches, Herculaneum, and Vesuvius; besides the reigning royalties, they became acquainted

with the eclipsed greatness of Madame D'Albany; with Madame de Staël,* then Mademoiselle Necker, sixteen years old, and "much neglected by the young English from the boldness of her manners," and with General O'Hara—the most important introduction of all, as regarded Mary's future happiness.

While at Naples they were much amused by two ballets at the Festino. In the first Queen Caroline appeared as Ceres, attended by Minerva, Mars, and some groups of peasants, who united in handing up to the king of Sweden's box on the point of a spear, wreaths of artificial flowers bearing the inscriptions, "Au sauveur de sa Patrie;" "Au Protecteur des Beaux-Arts;" "A l'Alliance perpétuelle." After supper the kings of Sweden and Naples, sixteen gentlemen and six bears, represented "The Hunters of Lapland." "Their dresses," writes Miss Berry, "were elegant and characteristic, and both *kings, men, and bears* performed their parts admirably." They concluded by handing up to the queen in her box some garlands of flowers and a parcel of Swedish gloves.

In 1785 the Berrys returned to England, and three years later they took a house at Twickenham.

If I have picked up no recent anecdotes on our common [writes Walpole to Lady Ossory in October, 1788] I have made a much more precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies named Berry. . . . They were carried by their father for two or three years to France and Italy, and have returned the best informed and the most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age. They are exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and qualified to talk on any subject. The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin, and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language. The younger draws charmingly. . . . She is less animated than Mary, and seems, out of deference to her sister, to speak seldomer, for they dote on each other, and Mary is always praising her sister's

* "From our great acquaintance in Italy with the king of Sweden, we became very intimate with his ambassador in Paris, M. de Staël. He spoke to me in all confidence about his intended marriage with Mademoiselle Necker, asked my opinion and consulted me on the subject. But the match was already settled." (By the intervention, it was said, of Marie Antoinette. *Journal*, vol. ii., p. 147.)

talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, though fashionably, without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm their persons. The first night I met them I would not be acquainted with them, having heard so much in their praise that I concluded they would be all pretension. Now, I do not know which I like best, except Mary's face, which is formed for a sentimental novel, but ten times better for a fifty times better thing—genteel comedy. This delightful family comes to me almost every Sunday evening. . . . I forgot to tell you that Mr. Berry is a little merry man with a round face. . . . If your ladyship insists on hearing the humors of my district you must indulge me with sending you two pearls I found in my path.*

Even in the first of the series of published letters addressed by Walpole to the sisters, as in nearly all its successors, may be traced, says Lady Theresa Lewis:—

The constant struggle in his mind between the tenderness with which he dwells on the pleasure of their society, and the fear of its expression making him ridiculous.

He concludes his letter thus:—

If two negatives make an affirmative, why may not two ridicules compose one piece of sense? and therefore, as I am in love with you both, I trust it is a proof of the good sense of your devoted—H. WALPOLE.

A little later he writes:—

You have not half the quickness that I thought you had, or, which is much more probable, I suspect that I am a little in love, and you are not, for I think I should have understood *you* in two syllables, which has not been your case. I had sealed my note, and was going to send it, when yours arrived with the invitation for Saturday. I had not time to break open my note, and so lifted up a corner and squeezed in *I will*. What could those syllables mean, but that I will do whatever you please? Yes, you may keep them as a note of hand, always payable at sight of your commands—or your sister's. For I am not less in love with my wife Rachel than my wife Leah; and though I had a little forgotten my matrimonial vows at the beginning of this note, and haggled a little about owning my passion, now I recollect that I have taken a double dose, I am mighty proud of it. And being more in the right than ever lover

* Letters of Horace Walpole, edited by Peter Cunningham, vol. ix., p. 153.

was, and twice as much in the right too, I avow my sentiments *hardiment*, and am—HYMEN, O HYMENÆE!

This intimacy now often determined the residence of the Berrys, and materially influenced their life. "His friends became their friends, and his neighbors their neighbors." Walpole took the warmest interest in all their plans, and forwarded all their wishes—provided they did not point to any lengthened separation from himself. "I pray that our papa may find a house at Twickenham," he writes: "Hampton Court is half-way to Switzerland." When they left London, in 1789, for a Yorkshire visit, he was in despair:

I passed so many evenings of the last fortnight with you that I almost preferred it to our two honeymoons, and am the more sensible to the deprivation. And how dismal was *Sunday* evening compared to those of last autumn! If you both felt as I do, we might surpass *any* event in the annals of Dunmow. Oh, what a prodigy it would be if a husband and *two* wives should present themselves and demand the "Flitch of Bacon," swearing that not one of the three in a year and a day wished to be unmarried!*

The sisters had promised to write to him whilst on their journey; but he did not hear from them so soon as he had hoped, and the day after writing of the Flitch of Bacon, he resumes:—

No letter to-day. . . . You see I think of you, and write every day, though I cannot despatch my letter till you have sent me a direction. Miss Agnes was not so flippant in promising me letters; but I do trust she *will* write, and then, Madam, she and I will go to Dunmow without you. *Thursday night.*

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid.

Not very close to the stream, but within doors in sight of it. In this damp weather a lame old Colin cannot lie and despair with any comfort on a wet bank. . . . I wish Friday was come! *26th.* Still I have no letter; you cannot all three be ill, and if any one is I should flatter myself another would have written. . . . Jealous I am not, for two young ladies cannot have run away with their father to Gretna Green. . . . *Saturday.* At last I have got a letter, and you are all well! I am so pleased that I forget the four uneasy days I have passed. I have neither time nor paper to say more, for our post turns on its heel and goes out the instant it has come in. Do not be frightened at the enormity of this, I shall not continue so four paginous in every letter. . . . Pray present my duty to grandmamma, and let her know what a promising young grandson she has got.

* Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry, vol. i., p. 461.

Sometimes, but very seldom, Walpole hardens his heart to scold his charming correspondents; but then he was only keeping a promise.

If I discover a fault you shall hear of it [he wrote in an early letter]. You came too perfect into my hands, to let you be spoiled by indulgence. All the world admires you, yet you have contracted no vanity, but are simple and good as Nature made you. Mind, *you* and *yours* are always, from my lips and pen, what grammarians call *the common of two*, and signify *both*.*

Accordingly he keeps a sharp watch over their culture, and declares:—

If you grow tired of the "Arabian Nights," you have no more taste than Bishop Atterbury, who huffed Pope for sending him them, and fancied he liked Virgil better, who had no more imagination than Dr. Akenside. Read Sinbad the Sailor's Voyages, and you will be sick of Æneas's. . . . I do not know whether the "Arabian Nights" are of Oriental origin or not; I should think not, because I never saw any other Oriental composition that was not bombastic without genius, and figurative without nature. Like an Indian screen, where you see little men in the foreground, and larger men hunting tigers above in the air, which they take for perspective.†

Sometimes he tries to excite their jealousy:—

Such unwriting wives I never knew! And a shame it is for an author, and what is more, a printer, to have a *couple* so unlettered. I can find time amidst all the hurry of my shop to write small quartos to them continually. In France, where nuptiality is not the virtue most in request, a wife *will* write to her consort, though the *doux billet* should contain but two sentences, for which I will give you a precedent. A lady sent the following to her spouse: "Je vous écris, parceque je n'ai rien à faire; et je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à vous dire." I don't wish for quite so laconic a "poulet;" besides, your ladyships *can* write. Mrs. Damer dined here yesterday, and had just heard from you. Brevity, mesdames, may be catching. . . . If I were not a man of honor, though a printer, and had not promised you "Bonner's Ghost,"‡ I would be as silent as if I were in *Yorkshire*. Remember, too, that Miss Hannah More, though not so proper for the French Ambassador's Fête as Miss Gunning, can teach Greek and Latin as well as any young lady in the north of En-

* In the letters prepared for the press by Miss Berry many of the more eulogistic passages were omitted; they were replaced by Lady Theresa Lewis after her death, and it will be understood that the extracts made here are from Miss Berry's "Journals and Correspondence" when not otherwise distinguished.

† Letters of Horace Walpole, vol. ix., p. 184.

‡ A poem by Hannah More, which Walpole greatly admired, and printed at the Strawberry Hill Press.

gland, and might make as suitable a companion for a typographer.

At last he hears that the Berry family are coming back, and is all anxiety to find an adjacent house for them.

If the worst comes to the worst, I can secure you a house at Teddington, more agreeable than that at Bushy; at least, *more agreeable to my Lord Castlecomer*, for it is nearer to me by half. That proverb I must explain to you for your future use. There was an old Lady Castlecomer who had an only son, and he had a tutor, who happened to break his leg. A visitor lamented the accident to her ladyship. The old Rock replied, "Yes, indeed, it is very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer." This saying was adopted forty years ago into the phraseology of Strawberry, and is very expressive of the selfish apathy towards others which refers everything to its own centre.

His negotiations were ratified, and he says:—

I jumped for joy; that is, my heart did, which is all that remains of me *in statu jumpante*, at the news that you approve of the house at Teddington. . . . You ask how you have deserved such kind attentions? Why, by deserving them. By every kind of merit, and by that superlative one to me, your consenting to throw away so much time on a forlorn antique; you, too, who without specifying particulars (and you must at least be conscious that you are not two frights) might expect any fortunes and distinctions, and do delight all companies.

In 1790 Mr. Berry and his daughters resolved to re-visit the Continent, and Horace Walpole who had been watching the progress of the French Revolution with a horror intensified by his personal regard for many of its victims, felt alarm as well as regret, and vainly endeavored to shake their purpose. In October they left England, and in a letter dated "The day of your departure," Walpole wrote:—

In happy days I smiled and called you *my dear wives*—now I can only think on you as darling children, of whom I am bereaved. As such I have loved, and do love you, and charming as you are, I have had no occasion to remind myself that I am past seventy-three. . . . If I live to see you again you will then judge whether I am changed; but a friendship so rational as mine is, and so equal for both, is not likely to have any of the fickleness of youth.

The travellers only spent two days in Paris, which they found "*much in déshabille*." But they managed to see the foundations of the Bastille dug up by the mob, and to visit the National Assembly—"such a set of shabby, ill-dressed, strange-

looking people I hardly ever saw together," writes Mary—where they could hear nothing for the general hubbub.

Walpole's relief was great when he heard of their safe arrival in Italy; for them he revived his early recollections, urging them to see and to enjoy everything most worth the seeing; but frankly admitting that he would not really know an easy moment until they had again crossed the channel,* and fretting at the breaks in their correspondence, unavoidable in such a troubled time. "If I to-day say, 'How do you do?' it will be one or two and forty days before you answer, 'Very well, thank you.'" Nevertheless, he was careful to amuse them with all the "talk of the town;" the many romantic inventions connected with the Gunning marriages; the arrival of Sheridan at Isleworth, where he had taken a house for £400 a year, on being expelled from Bruton Street by an unpaid and indignant landlord; and the approaching marriage of the Duke of York, which the Duke of Clarence called at Strawberry Hill to announce. "I asked the page at what hour it would be proper to call on him and thank him. He answered, 'Between ten and eleven!' Mercy on me, to be dressed and at Petersham before eleven!"

While in Turin the Berrys met the Duc de Bourbon†—"a civil, good-humored, gentlemanlike, stupid man." At a royal hunting party they saw a noticeable group: Victor Amadeus III., who rode up to speak to the friend with whom they were driving, and was then

A very gentlemanlike old man, easy and dignified in his manner. The Prince de Piedmont is the oddest, ugliest-looking being I ever beheld; *il abuse du privilège non-seulement comme les hommes, mais les princes, d'être laids*. They say he has a great deal of natural wit, penetration, and cleverness. The Prince de Carignan is grown a great awkward, ill-looking young man; the Comte d'Artois a great deal fatter and better-looking than when we saw him in Paris; his two sons (Duc d'Angoulême and Duc de Berri), charming, pretty boys, on horseback. They were all in *uniforme de chasse*, red, faced with blue, and a broad silver lace. Ugly in itself, but gay and pretty in the field.

In this correspondence Walpole's fresh-

* "Precious as our insular situation is, I am ready to wish with the Frenchman that you could somehow or other get to it by land: 'Oui, c'est un île toujours, je le sçais bien. Mais, par exemple, en allant d'alentour, n'y auroit-il pas moyen d'y arriver par terre?'"

† The father of the ill-fated Duc d'Enghien. He was living in England at the time of his son's execution, but returned to France in 1814, and hanged himself in his Château de St. Leu in 1830.

ness of feeling and his capacity for enthusiasm are remarkable in one of his varied, and in many respects disenchanting experience. When "his clock has struck seventy-four," he can still write:—

I went with General Conway, on Wednesday morning, to visit one of my antediluvian passions—not a Statira or a Roxana, but one pre-existent to myself—one Windsor Castle. And I was so delighted, and so juvenile, that without attending to anything but my eyes, I stood full two hours and a half, and found that half my lameness consists in my indolence. Two Berrys, a Gothic chapel, and an historic castle are anodynes to a torpid mind. I now fancy that old age was invented by the lazy. St. George's Chapel, that I always worshipped, though so dark that I could see nothing distinctly, is now being cleaned and decorated—a scene of lightness and grace.*

The winter of 1790–91 was spent by the Berrys alternately at Florence and Pisa. Walpole's letters show an evident struggle to bear this absence patiently and cheerfully; but on hearing from Mrs. Damer (the beautiful sculptress, an idol in the Strawberry Hill circle) that they may remain abroad during another winter, he thinks that they have not been frank to him, and all his philosophy deserts him.

I am forced, for my own peace [he writes] to beseech you not to continue a manoeuvre that only tantalizes and wounds me. In your last you put together many friendly words to give me hope of your return; but can I be so blind as not to see that they are vague words? . . . In fact I have for some time seen how little you mean it, and, for your sakes, I cease to desire it.

Then he finds how deeply this reproach wounds his favorites, and is impulsively and pathetically penitent:—

I am returned, and find the only letter I dreaded, and the only one I trust that I shall ever not be impatient to receive from you. Though ten thousand times kinder than I deserve, it wounds my heart, as I find that I hurt two of the persons I love the best upon earth, and whom I am most constantly studying to please and serve. That I soon repented of my murmurs you have seen by my subsequent letters. The truth, as you may have perceived, though no excuse, was that I had thought myself dying, and that I should never see you more. . . . Yet I do not in the least excuse my conduct. No, I condemn it in every light, and shall never forgive myself if you do not promise me to be guided entirely by your own convenience and inclinations about your return.

In September the homeward journey

began, and Walpole followed every stage of their progress on a map, delighting to "drive on with his pen" towards home. He had bought for them an adjoining house, once occupied by Kitty Clive, which he sometimes called "Cliveden," and sometimes "Little Strawberry," and took the greatest pleasure in preparing for their return.

To that day [he writes] I own that I look with an eagerness of impatience that no words can convey, unless they could paint the pulse of fifteen when it has been promised some untasted joy for which it had long hoped and been denied.

In the December following the return of the Berrys, the third Earl of Orford died, and the title, with "a small estate loaded with debt," devolved on his uncle, Horace Walpole. Gossip, of course, became more busy than ever with his name; and his anxiety for the society of his friends, and the steps he took to establish them near him, were made the subject of a newspaper attack.

Would to God we had remained abroad! [wrote Mary Berry, in her distress and indignation] where we might still have enjoyed as much of your confidence and friendship as ignorance and impertinence seem likely to allow us here!

Adding that the possession of Cliveden would be only a source of pain to her if the world considered it the reward of her attentions to her friend.

Lord Orford's reply was an agitated remonstrance:—

MY DEAREST ANGEL,—Now I read your note it breaks my heart! . . . My nephew's death has already brought a load upon me that I have not strength to bear . . . I shall want but your uneasiness to finish me. You know I scarce wish to live but to carry you to Cliveden! . . . Are our consciences no shield against anonymous folly or envy? Would you only condescend to be my friend if I were a beggar? The Duchess of Gloucester,* when she heard my intention about Cliveden, came and commended me much for doing some little justice to injured merit. For your own sake, for poor mine, combat such extravagant delicacy, and do not poison the few days of a life which you, and you only, can sweeten.

The Berrys yielded to his persuasions, and took up their abode at "Little Strawberry," and he acknowledges in his next letter that the obligation is all on his side, as the sisters sacrificed their pride to his wish to serve and to keep them near him.

* Letters of Horace Walpole, vol. ix., p. 356.

* His niece Maria, married to a brother of George III.

Mr. Berry would appear to have been passive throughout the whole transaction.

Whenever his friends were away from "Little Strawberry," Lord Orford wrote to them almost daily. The following passage should be taken to heart by all those provoking correspondents who excuse their silence by alleging want of "news: "

Don't talk of sending me letters not worth a farthing. What are any letters worth but according to the person from whom they come? Do you think that if I had expected last week one of the best letters Mmc. de Sévigné ever wrote, I should have been wretched for two days because it had not arrived? Pooh! Don't tell me of letters not worth a farthing—let me but have those I desire, and leave it to me to see the value of them!

Lord Orford went to "Little Strawberry," during its mistresses' absence in Yorkshire, and found "a grove of lavender plants," which Mrs. Damer had sent them.

They brought to my recollection [he says] the tag of an old song that I learnt in my first babyhood, that I am sure has not been in my head these threescore years and ten, but suits incomparably with my second infancy:—

Rosemary's green, diddle diddle, lavender's blue,
If you'll love me, diddle, diddle, I will love you!

I have a true regard for nonsense, on which I have lived man and boy for longer than I will say. But as you are worthy of better food, I had rather have something to tell you that you would care to read.

During the absence of the Berrys, Lord Orford received a royal visitor.

The Duchess of York [daughter of the King of Prussia] arrived punctually at twelve, in a high phaeton, with Mrs. Ewert and Bude on horseback. I received the Princess at the side of her chaise, and when she entered kissed her hand. She meant to ride, but had hurt her foot, and was forced to sit most of the time she was here. We had many civil contests about my sitting, too, but I resisted, and then she commanded General Bude to sit, that I might have no excuse. She seemed much pleased and commended much, and I can do no less of her, with the strictest truth. She is not near so small as I expected; her face is very agreeable and lively, and she is so good-humored, and so gracious, and so natural, that I do not believe Lady Mary Coke* would have made a quarter so pleasing a Duchess of York, nor have been in half so sweet a temper, unless by my attentions *de vieille cour*. . . . To-morrow I shall go to

Oatlands with my thanks for the honor; and there, probably, will end my connection with Courts, begun with George I., great-great-grandfather to the Duchess of York! It sounds as if there could not have been above three generations more before Adam!*

Although Mary Berry was evidently foremost in Lord Orford's thoughts, he wrote often and affectionately to her more reserved and shy sister, with whose artistic pursuits he had great sympathy:

The longer I know you, my sweet Agnes, the more I find new reasons for loving you, as I do most cordially. You threatened not to write, and I have already received a charming letter from you—and now, as you never disimprove, I am confident you will let me hear from you sometimes, though I will not be exacting nor expect you to do what you do not love, especially as I shall hear accounts of you from Mary.

Lord Orford's letters are a series of pictures of the past; and exceedingly odd pictures some of them are, showing, more clearly than volumes of moralizing, the change which has happily come over the spirit of the time.

It was printed at the bottom of the Richmond playbills last week [he writes] that Mrs. Jordan would not perform, as it was the birthday of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence. No, to be sure she would not, for the Prince of Orange [then living at Hampton Court Palace] was to dine with him, and she did the honors at the head of the table. No, the Princesses were not there.

Scattered through these letters are frequent allusions to the handsome and gallant General O'Hara, who first met the Berrys at Naples in 1784, and whose adventurous career and personal fascination interested all the Strawberry Hill circle. He had been wounded and taken prisoner at the siege of Toulon, and was released just before the sisters visited Cheltenham.

* The Duchess of York was a somewhat eccentric woman, original and intelligent, fond of the society of literary men, and often mentioned by Rogers, Raikes, Monk Lewis, etc. Walpole tells a characteristic story of her in a letter to Conway: "The Duchess of York gave a great entertainment at Oatlands on her duke's birthday, sent to his tradesmen in town to come to it, and allowed two guineas apiece to each for their carriage, gave them a dance, and opened the ball herself with the Prince of Wales. A company of strollers came to Weybridge to act in a barn; she was solicited to go to it, and did out of charity, and carried all her servants. Next day a Methodist came to preach a charity sermon in the same theatre, and she consented to hear it from the same motive; but her servants desired to be excused, not understanding English. 'Ch,' said the duchess, 'but you went to the comedy, which you understood less, you shall go to the sermon.' To which she gave handsomely, and for them. I like this." (Letters, vol. ix., p. 386.)

* Who, according to Miss Berry, had "fancied herself" in love with the former Duke of York, George III.'s brother, and "fancied" they were privately married.

I am delighted [writes Lord Orford] that you have got O'Hara. How he must feel his felicity in being at liberty to roam about as much as he likes! Still, I shall not admire his volatility if he quits you soon.

This was very kind and generous; but the time was rapidly approaching when Lord Orford's point of view somewhat changed. During this Cheltenham visit General O'Hara proposed to Mary Berry and was accepted; and, however frequently and sincerely Lord Orford assured himself and others that his love for Mary and Agnes was quite "grandfatherly," yet even grandfathers have been known to show some jealousy when their children form closer ties, and it is certain that the news of the engagement was painful to him. Probably, too, it was chiefly out of regard for the feelings and the fragile health of this devoted friend that Miss Berry made the sacrifice which cast a deep shadow over the rest of her life. Immediately after returning from Cheltenham, O'Hara was appointed governor of Gibraltar, and urged Mary to marry and accompany him. She refused, saying, "I think I am doing right. I am sure I am consulting the peace and happiness of those about me, and not my own;" but the final result of this refusal was that her engagement was broken off early in April, 1796. In 1844 Mary wrote as follows:—

This parcel of letters [O'Hara's] relates to the six happiest months of my long existence, when I looked forward to a future which I felt, for the first time, would have called out all the powers of my mind and all the warmest feelings of my heart. . . . Letters lost and delayed, certainty of meeting more difficult, questions unanswered, doubts unsatisfied—all these circumstances combined in the most unlucky manner crushed the fair fabric of my happiness, while for long I could not banish a hope that all might yet be set right. And so it would had we ever met for twenty-four hours. But he remained at Gibraltar until his death in 1802. And I, forty-two years afterwards, on opening these papers which had been sealed up ever since, receive the conviction that some feelings in some minds are indelible.

It must have greatly added to the pain of Miss Berry's broken engagement, that the friend for whose sake the sacrifice was chiefly made had but little time remaining in which to enjoy the companionship so preserved to him. In July, Lord Orford wrote to her:—

I find that my memory fails in a very novel manner. I moulder many of my letters. My words look like Hebrew without points. I

do not recover my walking at all. In short, I advance to what I have foretold, that I should have nothing but my inside left, and then I shall be but an odd figure. Having nothing better to talk of than my ruins, I shall not make my despatches tedious. It will be trouble enough merely to read them. Adieu.

Very few letters from him are included in Miss Berry's correspondence. His infirmities rapidly increased, and he became such a martyr to the gout that in December he removed to Berkeley Square for further medical advice, where, in March of the following year, he died—attended during every waking hour by the two sisters, but unhappily believing himself neglected and abandoned by them if he missed them for a moment.

By Lord Orford's will, Little Strawberry Hill was left to Mary and Agnes Berry, and a box of manuscripts to them and their father, who was instructed to issue a new edition of his works, including the papers bequeathed to Mr. Berry and his daughters.* The literary work, however, fell on Mary Berry, as all the work of life had done, and for more than a year she devoted herself to it, finding in incessant occupation the best solace for the loneliness which followed the loss of her lover and of her enthusiastic and faithful friend.†

How she must have missed Walpole it is easy to conceive. The very exactions of extreme affection form a bond which the easy-going kindness of ordinary acquaintanceship is powerless to replace; and the liberty which follows the cessation of a labor of love is a cold and mournful freedom.

After Lord Orford's death, many friends, clever and appreciative, still surrounded the sisters; and Mary Berry's correspondence grew more varied, as her daily life also did, since, whether present or absent, he had absorbed a large portion of her time.

In November, 1799, in the opera box of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Berry first heard of the deposition of the Council of the Five Hundred and her comments are amusing:—

* The new edition appeared in 1798, in five quarto volumes, with no editor's name.

† Not in mental occupation only. "I have been as busy as a bee," she writes "in my garden and greenhouse, to which I always return with new pleasure and satisfaction, convinced that when one likes and enters into it, it is one of the very best sources of interest and amusement. There is nothing that so agreeably fatigues the body and rests the mind." How many aching hearts have tried to bury part of their sorrows in a garden!

For my part I think it will be better dealing with *one* or even with *three* rogues than with five hundred; but it will, in all probability, shortly end in Bonaparte's assassination; for in a country where every man thinks himself equally able and equally fit to govern, the government of one must ever be looked upon with invidious eyes.

Her unusually dispassionate and unprejudiced mind, however, in spite of its aristocratic predilections, soon saw the merits of the consulate.

What think you of the *Man Bonaparte*, absolute King of France quietly established at the Tuileries? [she asks in 1800]. For my part I admire him, and think if he can keep his place, he does his country a service. Nothing ever gave me so desperate an opinion of our ministers and their yet more desperate projects as the daily abuse in the ministerial and *soi-disant* impartial papers of Bonaparte and the new order of things. . . . If the nation is once in a state to maintain the relations of peace and the conditions of treaties, what *have* we, what *ought* we to have, to do with the means? I confess that, as a citizen of enlightened Europe, after all the tyrannies under which the French have labored, I should really be sorry to see them return to their old original worn-out tyranny under the Bourbons. For slaves I am convinced they can alone be fit, till their many stains, contracted in the *fange* of the despotism in which they were born and bred, have been washed out and purified by a purgatory of I know not how many revolutions; but to return so soon and after such dreadful convulsions, to the point from whence they set out, even I don't wish them.

Two years later she went to see for herself the state of things in Paris, where she renewed her acquaintance with Madame de Staël, and was presented to Fouché, Berthier, Cambacérès, La Fayette, and many other celebrities, none of whom impressed her very favorably; but she found it "excessively entertaining to see a number of persons whose names one has been reading in newspapers these last ten years." Mrs. Cosway, the artist, presented Miss Berry, Agnes, and Mrs. Damer, who travelled with them, to Letitia Bonaparte.

A woman turned fifty, with large, dark eyes, an intelligent, mild countenance, and great remains of having been very handsome. She has a civil, quiet manner, but no particular cleverness in her conversation. She is said to be in all the height of Swedenborgism, or what used to be called *quietism* here. Her son when she is ill comes to see her, has lodged her well, takes good care of her, and I fancy has little more to do with her. She endeavors, I believe, to protect the quondam

convents of women and their attendant priests in the conquered countries.

A Swiss tailor, patronized by Joséphine, offered to obtain an interview with her for the English ladies. They met him at the Tuileries, and he led them through a waiting-room in which there were two or three little black pages and a mameluke in Turkish dress, to the door of Joséphine's dressing-room, where she met them, and the tailor disappeared.

She crossed the room to the chairs that were ranged along the wall, and sitting down first herself, begged us to be seated also. She is a thin, dark, very genteel-looking woman, about the size of and not unlike Lady Elizabeth Foster,* but with a more sensible and less *minaudière* countenance. In her manners, without assuming those of a queen, she unites much protection and dignity with much civility. I think *elle se tire d'affaire* (and it is no easy matter) very cleverly.

A reception at the Tuileries followed the less formal interview in Joséphine's dressing-room:—

There was a range of *chaises à dos* placed round the yellow salon, upon which the ladies were invited to sit down, by Mme. de Luçay; the men remained in a *peloton* before the window at the bottom of the room. Bonaparte and Madame entered at the same time from the door of the bed-chamber. He went regularly round, speaking to every lady for two or three minutes. M. de Luçay, the Préfet, having a paper in his hand containing the name and nation of each lady, which he announced to Bonaparte as he approached her. His manner and address is very simple and unaffected. He asked one lady if she could ride on horseback, another if she had been long in France. To the Italians he spoke in Italian, saying much the same sort of royal nothings. My turn happening to come before Mrs. Damer's, he asked me if I had been long in Paris: "Plus de trois semaines." "Comment trouvez-vous l'Opéra?" "Oh, bien beau, mais nous avons tant vu l'Opéra." He seemed to feel by my answer that he might have addressed us better, but totally ignorant of who we were, he knew not how to change the subject, and continued it with Mrs. Damer, by asking, "Si nous avions d'aussi bons danseurs en Angleterre?" "Oh, non, nous en faisons venir d'ici." "Cependant vous avez une bien belle voix, c'est Mme. Billington, je l'ai entendue en Italie." "Oui, assurément, elle a une très belle voix, et c'est une Anglaise?" "Oui, mais elle a épousé un Français" [her second husband, M. Felesart], "et étudié en Italie, de manière qu'elle appartient aux trois nations." And so he

* Daughter of Frederick Hervey, Earl of Bristol; Walpole's "Right Ir-Reverend Bishop of Derry," and second wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire.

passed on to the next person, a Russian, with the same royal inquiry, "*si elle montait à cheval,*" which put me laughingly in mind of the "*Do you get out?*" of St. James's. One could not but regret that Mrs. Damer's talents had never reached his ears, nor the principal object of our journey to Paris, or he would certainly have addressed us on some other subject and left the opera for younger women.* While he was going round the circle Mme. Bonaparte followed him, always leaving two or three persons between them. She, in turn, spoke to everybody. . . . She did not gain so much as I expected by being more dressed. She wore a pink silk gown with velvet spots, a small white satin hat with three feathers, tied under the chin, a handkerchief in her hand, and no fan. Bonaparte was in undress consular uniform. His hair is very dark, and does not lie smoothly on his head. He by no means struck me as so little as he appeared on horseback. His shoulders are broad, his complexion pale yellow. His mouth has a remarkable and uncommon expression of sweetness. Indeed his whole countenance was more that of complacency and quiet intelligence than of decided penetration and strong expression. The man of the parade and the man of the circle left totally different impressions on my mind; his eyes are light grey, and he looks full in the face of the person to whom he speaks—to me always a good sign. Yet after all I have said of the sweetness of his countenance, I can readily believe that it is terrible and fire-darting when angry.

Miss Berry returned to London in April, 1803, and in May her comedy of "*Fashionable Friends,*" which had been very successful when privately performed at Strawberry Hill, was produced at Drury Lane only to be withdrawn in three nights, although Kemble, Mrs. Jordan, and Miss Pope, well supported by other popular favorites, appeared in it. The authorship was carefully concealed, except from Miss Berry's most intimate friends, and, judging from Lady Theresa Lewis's description of the play, it deserved its fate. Nevertheless, Professor Playfair, a little blinded perhaps by his warm friendship for the beautiful dramatist, paid her a graceful compliment on it.

In 1809, at the christening party of the son of "*Anastatius*" Hope, the Princess of Wales, who was godmother, desired Lady Sheffield to present Miss Berry to her.

I don't think she was taken with me [writes Miss Berry] as she saw, when I did not suppose she did, the *moue* I made to Lady Shef-

field when she first proposed it to me, which I changed for a proper court face when I found her looking at me and the thing inevitable. The last dance before supper she danced with Lord Lyttelton. Such an exhibition! Such an overdressed, painted, eyebrowed figure one never saw! G. Robinson said she was the only true friend the Prince of Wales had, as she went about justifying his conduct.

The princess made a more favorable impression on a quiet visit to Strawberry Hill, then occupied by Mrs. Damer:—

She was in her very best manner, and her conversation is certainly uncommonly lively, odd, and clever.* What a pity that she has not a grain of *common sense*! not an ounce of ballast to prevent high spirits and a coarse mind allowing her to act indecorously and ridiculously whenever an occasion offers. Were she always to conduct herself as she did here to-day, she would be credited with a remarkably easy and gracious manner, and natural cleverness above any of her *peers* that I have seen.

The good opinion seems to have been mutual, for after this the diary records many receptions, dinners, and evening-parties at Kensington Palace, where the Princess of Wales was living. Sometimes the manifestations of friendship must have been inconvenient, for the princess would keep Miss Berry walking up and down in the moonlight till one o'clock in the morning, pouring forth histories of her past life and present troubles. Lady Donegal, in one of her lively letters to Moore, describes some of the penalties paid for the honor of this acquaintance:—

The Pantiles [Tunbridge Wells] were put into an uproar last Tuesday by the arrival of the Princess of Wales on a visit to the Berrys. She brought Lady C. Campbell and Mrs. and Miss Rawdon with her, but not a man did she bring, nor could she get here for love or money, except Sir Philip Francis and old Berry, who, egad, liked the fun of gallanting her about, and enjoyed himself more than the fair daughters did, who were in a grand fuss, and were forsaken in their utmost need by beaux their former suppers fed, and had to amuse her, as well as they could, with the help of a few women that she did not care about.†

In 1810 Miss Berry edited and annotated an edition of Madame du Deffand's letters (bequeathed to Horace Walpole), which was very well received, and extended her already wide circle of literary

* To offer the first consul a bust of Charles James Fox, by Mrs. Damer, graciously received some years later.

* This enables one better to understand Scott's finding her "*fascinating.*"

† Memoirs of Thomas Moore, vol. viii., p. 118.

friends, amongst whom Joanna Baillie, Scott, and Rogers had long been prominent. When Byron was first added to the list she was much attracted by him, but she soon wrote, "He is a singular man, pleasant to me, but I very much fear that his head begins to be turned by all the adoration of the world, especially the women." Campbell, who struck her as conceited, she did not like at all.

The prince regent of course disapproved of this friendly intercourse:—

Went to Lady Hertford's [writes Miss Berry]. The Regent came soon afterwards. . . . He looked wretchedly swollen up, with a muddled complexion, and was extremely tipsy—gravely and cautiously so. I happened to be a good while in the circle, and he at last gave me a formal bow, with *Kensington* legible on it.

The acquaintance begun with Mademoiselle Necker ripened into friendship with Madame de Staël, of whom Miss Berry saw a great deal during her visit to England in 1813-14. When news reached her that the Allies had entered Paris she was deeply moved, but Miss Berry distrusted the eloquently expressed distress.

Emotion is not what she excites nor what she feels (except momentarily). She does not dwell long enough upon anything. Life, characters, and even feelings pass before her eyes like a magic lantern; she runs through the world to see all, to hear all, and to say all—to excite herself, and to give it all back to the world, and the society from which she has drawn it.

And when Madame de Staël returned to France, Miss Berry wrote to Mrs. Damer, "While I am regretting *her*, she will never think more of *me* till we meet again." But in this she was mistaken, for Madame de Staël afterwards described her to a friend as "by far the cleverest woman in England, and the one she loved best."

In 1816 Miss Berry visited Lady Hardwicke in Paris, where her husband was then ambassador, and frequently met Talleyrand—"such a mass of moral and physical corruption!"—and the Duke of Wellington:—

The simplicity and frankness of his manners, and the way in which he speaks of public affairs, are really those of a great man, although, talking of the allied sovereigns, their views, etc., he says *we* found so-and-so, *we* intend such-and-such things, quite as treating *de couronne à couronne*. I diverted him much with Benjamin Constant's idea of his never returning to *l'état de simple citoyen*. . . . In answer to a number of women's questions as to what exultation he felt at the victory,

and what grief for the fall of friends at Waterloo, he replied in his usual unaffected manner, he had little time to feel either until long after all was over—"I who saw the battle four times lost that day."

In 1817 the Berrys went to Genoa, described by Mary to Madame de Staël as a place which, differently peopled, would be "an earthly paradise." But she adds:—

To pass one's life without books—for there are none to be found here—and without conversation—for it is unknown here—is an intellectual and moral fast which weakens me morally, and influences painfully my physical well-being.

She seems, however, to have struggled successfully against this mental isolation, for Professor Playfair writes to her that, according to Lord Minto, but for the society she collected at her house, "Genoa would have been unsupportable. I have often admired, as indeed all the world does, that power of making something out of nothing—society out of solitude." A few weeks after this letter was received, a slight swelling appeared on Mr. Berry's hand, which spread to the arm, and was pronounced gangrenous. In five days he died, and was buried in the cemetery at Carignano. "His death," writes his daughter, "leaves us without a duty to fulfil towards the present generation, nor have we any tie to that which is to come."

In 1819 Miss Berry published her "Life and Letters of Lady Russell," for writing which her friendship for Lord John Russell and other members of the Bedford family had afforded unusual facilities. The subject suited her admirably, and it was certainly the most successful of her literary efforts.

Miss Berry was in Paris again in 1820, and present at a masked ball attended by the Duc and Duchesse de Berri, within twenty-four hours of the duke's assassination. And she was in the chamber during the examination of the assassin, when one of the deputies melodramatically denounced the Comte Decazes as "accomplice du meurtre de M. le Duc de Berri!" Her description of the horrible scene at the Opera House, with all its incongruous surroundings, is the fullest and most graphic to be found anywhere.

From Paris the sisters wandered over the Continent, glad to prolong their absence from England during the miserable business of the queen's trial. They avoided Naples, where there were rumors of political disturbance ("during which," Miss Berry remarks, with one of her rare

touches of humor, "old women have nothing to do but to be kicked down and not picked up again"), and in Rome found — amongst a mob of princes and ex-princes — their old acquaintance, Madame D'Albany,* "not unentertaining; well-informed, sensible, sharp, and heartless — very different from what we knew her many years ago, in Alfieri's time," and Napoleon's sister Pauline : —

She occupies a fine apartment in the Borghese Palace. A pretty person, no longer young, but still preserves her looks, giving herself as much the airs of a princess as she can venture to do — rising a very little when any one enters, etc. Several Roman ladies there, and about twenty gentlemen. We had music; I was at her side on the sofa: we talked a great deal of all those of her admirers who were my friends.

This visit to the Bonaparte beauty in Rome was soon followed by a quiet day at Neuilly, where Miss Berry was delighted with the children of the future king of the French: "One cannot see a finer family, nor one better brought up, or more at ease with their parents."

In 1828 Miss Berry published her "Comparative View of Social Life in France and England," which had occupied her for some years, and been the chief object of many of her visits to France. It was painstaking and anecdotal, but does not appear to have been cordially received even by the author's friends. She bore their strictures with a patience truly admirable, when one remembers her exceeding sensitiveness and intellectual pride. In spite of all her social successes, she was not a happy woman. Her life was shadowed by the consciousness that she had never found full expression for the powers of her mind, or outlet for the affections of her heart; and in her diaries she often returns with touching fidelity to the one great disappointment of her youth.

The sisters were at St. Germain during the revolution of 1830, and Agnes Berry's very interesting journal gives a vivid picture of the time. So far as their neighborhood was concerned, the excitement was wonderfully well regulated and good-tempered, the National Guard even emptying casks of wine on the ground lest too much should be drunk. Things were different in Paris, which was "converted into a camp," and where "the *élégans* of the *salons*, when making their bow to the ladies, inquired: "Quels seront vos projets pendant les massacres?"

* Wife of Prince Charles Edward.

Four years later Miss Berry visited her Orleans friends at Fontainebleau; the king and queen themselves took her over the château, and she saw Marie Amélie's rooms, filled with the furniture used by Marie Antoinette, and Louis Philippe using the table on which Napoleon had signed his abdication. Ominous, these things, of the insecurity of dynasties in France! Yet Miss Berry, somewhat misled, perhaps, by her own affection for the family, wrote to Macaulay that she saw popularity dawning for Louis Philippe.

When seventy-four years old, she paid a final visit to Paris, which, she said, was her "last reckoning with society. . . . It is now that I figure Petersham, and our quiet garden there, as everything on earth that I most covet, and from which I no longer desire to wander." And when she had returned to that pleasant spot, she wrote : —

Here I am quiet without being lonely; here I need never be idle — nor ever be hurried; here I can read as long as my eyes last, and work in my garden as long as my strength lasts,* alternately one with the other, while both contribute to assure me what must be considered one of the enjoyments of old age — sleep.

Her friends, however, would by no means consent to let her slip out of society, and Joanna Baillie, between whom and the Berrys there had long been a warm attachment, writes : —

I do not wonder that people should forget your age; in company you seem to have spirit and vigor for anything, and it is not your uttering a complaint or two of being old, and other ailments, that will convince them while your face is so animated, and your eyes nearly as bright as they were twenty years ago.

During a visit to Lord and Lady Lansdowne at Bowood, Miss Berry saw much of Moore, and he records in his diary that she reminded him of her having been present when he made his first appearance as a singer before a large company — of the sort of contemptuous titter which went round the circle of fine gentlemen amateurs when the little Irish lad was led

* Sydney Smith affected to disbelieve in her rural tastes. "The rumor of the town," he wrote, "is that you are tired to death of the country, and never mean to try it again. That you bought a rake and attempted to rake the flower-beds, and did it so badly that you pulled up all the flowers. That it is impossible to get into the Lindsay" — Lady Charlotte, who had lived with the Berrys for many years — "the smallest acquaintance with the vegetable world, and that if it was not for the interference of friends she would order the roses to be boiled for dinner, and gather a cauliflower as a nosegay" (Sydney Smith, by Lady Holland, p. 538, edit. 1869.)

forward to exhibit before them; and of the change in their countenances when they saw the effect he produced.

"I didn't so much like you in those days," she said to him. "You were too — too — what shall I say?"

"Too brisk and airy, perhaps?" suggested Moore.

"Yes," she replied, taking hold of one of his "grizzly locks;" "I like you better since you have got these."

"I could then overhear her," adds Moore — whose hearing for praise was always acute — "say to the person with whom I had found her speaking: 'That's as good a creature as ever lived!'"*

Some reference to the Berrys is to be found in nearly all the memoirs and correspondence of the first half of this century. The two sisters, relics of a long past generation, with memories which had become historical, generally excited respectful sympathy. Strangely enough, the least kind mention of them is contained in one of the letters of Baroness Bunsen, usually so remarkable for tenderness and charity: —

The Miss Berrys were at the concerts, and each time happened to sit close to me, therefore I had a full opportunity of observing their behavior and hearing their conversation. In the fine and fashionable dress — the toques and the caps, the satin, the gauze, and the blonde in which they are always attired, it is out of my power to recognize the little woman whom we saw one morning at Mrs. W. Lock's. But I observe that the Miss Berry who looks by far the youngest,† and is the tallest, with a very good and youthful figure, is the person who has the harsh voice, the dictatorial tone, and the keen black eyes. The other Miss Berry looks much milder, is quieter in her manner, and speaks neither so much nor so loud. The first-mentioned attacked Charles at one of the concerts (for her speaking to anybody has the appearance of an attack ‡) to ask the very *learned* question whether Paestrina had not lived *just before* Marcello. Baron

Stein mentioned the Miss Berrys to Charles in this manner, "There is an old woman who goes about Rome with a younger sister of sixty or seventy years of age. She is always talking of Horace Walpole. I have given her to understand that I despise the man, but nothing can keep her quiet on the subject!"*

What a contrast is this to the spirit in which the "cynic" Thackeray mentions the sisters to Mrs. Brookfield. In one passage he says he is glad that he has been able to please them by some allusion in *Punch*. In another letter he writes: —

What numbers of good folks there are in the world! . . . Old Miss Berry is very kind too — nothing can be kinder. . . . I hope you will like good old Miss Agnes Berry; I am sure you will, and shall be glad that you belong to that kind and polite set of old ladies and worthy gentlemen.

Miss Kate Perry, another of the happy recipients of Thackeray's affectionate letters and humorous sketches, says, describing her first acquaintance with him: —

Afterwards we frequently met at the Miss Berrys', where night after night were assembled all the wit and beauty of that time. There was such a charm about these gatherings of friends that hereafter we may say, "There is no salon now to compare to that of the Miss Berrys in Curzon Street." My sister and I, with our great admiration and friendship for Mr. Thackeray, used to think that the Miss Berrys at first did not thoroughly appreciate or understand him; but one evening, when he had left early, they said they had perceived for the first time "what a very remarkable man he was." He became a constant and most welcome visitor at their house; they read his works with delight, and whenever they were making up a pleasant dinner, used to say, "We *must* have Thackeray." . . . Miss Agnes Berry adored her elder sister; she had considerable clearness and acuteness of perception, and Thackeray always maintained she was the more naturally gifted of the two sisters. In her youth she was a pretty, charming girl, with whom Gustavus Adolphus danced at a court ball.†

During the last ten years of the sisters' lives, their brilliant circle necessarily somewhat contracted, and their correspondence decreased. But both were exceptionally attractive to the last. Few women of eighty could hope to deserve such a tribute as this from such a man as Lord Jeffrey: —

I have just been reading your admirable letter for the third time, and after nourishing the meditations to which it led by gazing for

* Memoirs of Thomas Moore, vol. vii., pp. 241, 293.

† The baroness is evidently describing Mary Berry, who was really the elder sister, though only by a year.

‡ These strictures on Miss Berry's manner were no doubt deserved, but had Mme. Bunsen known how painfully conscious of its defects she was herself, it might have excited sympathy rather than censure. In 1807 she wrote in her diary: "A number of little circumstances have lately served to convince me that my manner is often *tranchante*, my voice too loud, and my way of meeting opposition unconciliating. All these circumstances are exactly the contrary of what they ought to be, to make me what I wish at my time of life. It is odd that I, who have been always thinking of growing old, and have such clear ideas of what alone can make a woman loved and amiable after her youth is past, should fall into the very faults I am most aware of, and put myself into the situation I have always deprecated. But it is not too late, and at least I am not too old to mend."

* Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen, by Augustus J. C. Hare, vol. i., p. 176. 1882

† *Scribner's Magazine*, vol. ii., p. 329. 1887

half an hour on the long waves which come glittering in the moonlight to the beach below my windows, and listening to the soft and solemn roar they send up to the silent stars, I find I cannot lay myself down with a quiet conscience till I have thanked you for the pleasure it has given, *and the good it has done me*. Never was wisdom so gentle, or magnanimity so simple and modest.

Sydney Smith still cheered them with his clever nonsense, and Lady Dufferin with her graceful sparkle. And Lady Morley, in one of her amusing letters, says:—

I infer that you are pretty flourishing, as you only refer to your *eighty-sixth ailment* [Miss Berry's age] which I hold to be a very light matter, and to you above all people, with your ears and your eyes, and your limbs and your mind, and your zest and your capabilities of enjoyment all alive and kicking, as if you were eighteen instead of eighty-five! . . . You have no business to say ill-natured things of old age. It is an evil or a good (like most things) according as we take it; but it is scarcely an evil to you, and it shall not be an evil to me, if, please God, I live two or three years longer, and have no painful disease to prevent my enjoying and making the best of it.

In 1849 Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the "third sister" of half a century of closest companionship, was taken from the little circle. Mary Berry felt a growing conviction that she would soon follow.

I still make an effort to gather together some sparks of life for my sister's sake [she wrote]. My only anxiety! my *only* one! is thinking what I can do to secure her some comfort of society after I am gone. I think of this without ceasing.

The anxiety was needless. January, 1852, saw Agnes Berry's most calm and peaceful death; and in November, Mary, then ninety years old, "without a struggle, with scarcely a sigh," followed, and was laid beside her at Petersham, in the beautiful quiet riverside churchyard, with its shadowing trees and many flowers, to which in life her eyes had often turned wistfully, as to a haven of rest.

Dean Milman read the funeral service over both his dear friends; Lord Houghton was amongst the mourners, and a quotation from his memorial stanzas may fitly close this selection from the records of two lives, remarkable for their long and unbroken association with all that was best in English society and finest in English intellect:—

Two friends within one grave we place,
United in our tears,
Sisters, scarce parted for the space
Of more than eighty years.
And she whose bier is borne to-day,
The one the last to go,
Bears with her thoughts that force their way
Above the moment's woe.
Within one undisturbed abode
Their presence seems to dwell,
From which continual pleasures flowed,
And countless graces fell.
Where none were sad, and few were dull,
And each one said his best,
And beauty was most beautiful,
With vanity at rest.
No taunt or scoff obscured the wit
That there rejoiced to reign,
They never could have laughed at it
If it had carried pain.

Farewell! the pleasant social page
Is read, — but ye remain,
Examples of ennobled age,
Long life without a stain.
A lesson to be scorned by none,
Least by the wise and brave,
Delightful as the winter sun
That gilds this open grave.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH.

THEY hurry across the open ground that lies between the edge of the ditch and a road which here runs almost parallel to the battlement from which they have just descended. If they follow this road in one direction, it will bring them to the cantonment by way of the Mall; if they follow it in the other, it will also conduct them to the cantonment, but by a more circuitous and unfrequented route. The unfrequentedness is a greater recommendation than the circuitousness is a drawback. So they turn their faces to the northward, and not to the southward, and hurry along. Strange to think that they should be hurrying fearfully along a road over which many of them had moved that morning, in lordly leisure, with as little thought of danger as if they had been in Rotten Row. But they meet no one on the road except a few boys and girls, who gaze curiously at them. And now the Gothic turrets of Melvil Hall which lies

upon this road, come in view above the tops of the trees. The women look eagerly towards the house as towards a place of refuge and safety. Mrs. Fane has been walking with Mrs. Lyster, and the latter has been prattling away, when she stops suddenly in the middle of a sentence, and Mrs. Fane, turning towards her, sees a strange look come over her face, hears a strange gurgle from her lips, and then the poor old lady drops down on the road in a fit.

Mrs. Fane calls out; Miss Lyster runs back to her mother. At this very moment a man comes out from the wicket of a little garden by the side of the road, and says:—

"Look! You must run into my orchard. Many people are advancing up that lane"—pointing to one that entered the road just at the corner of the orchard—"and if you fall into their hands they will kill you. They have killed some English people in this neighborhood, and plundered their houses."

"Lift her up, Hay," says Dr. Brodie, who has been bending over the afflicted woman; and he and Hay lift her up and carry her a few yards easily enough, she is so light; but then comes a sudden fierce convulsion, and they cannot hold her, and have to lay her down again on the road.

"You must leave her here," cries the native, the owner of the orchard.

But they cannot do that. Again they lift her up and carry her a few yards, and again comes the fierce, unnatural exertion of strength, still in the East attributed to demoniacal agency, which they cannot cope with. She twists herself out of their hands. And now they can hear the shouts and cries of the approaching crowd of natives—hear their laughter. Its murdering and plundering have made it merry. (Laughter is said to be due to a sudden sense of superiority; certainly nothing arouses that sense of superiority so greatly as slaying a man and taking possession of his goods.) It is a terrible moment.

"Grip her tight, mon," cries Dr. Brodie excitedly; and he and Hay lift her up, though with great difficulty, and with great difficulty have carried her a few yards further on, when the terrible struggling suddenly ceases, and she becomes quite still; an utter relaxation takes the place of the former rigidity; the fiercely thrown about arms drop down straight; and the difficulty they have in carrying her now is not due to the overactivity of the frame, but to its utter inertness, to its

sheer, dead, downward weight—the terrible weight of lifelessness.

"She is dead," says Brodie. "They often die in a fit like this;" and they lay her down at the foot of the tree they are passing under.

"Oh, mother! mother!" cries Miss Lyster, flinging herself down on her knees by the side of the body, and wringing her clasped hands. "Oh! she is not dead!"

"As good as," says the doctor. "Get up, Miss Lyster, you can do her no good now." And he takes the kneeling woman by the arm, but she refuses to rise.

"I cannot leave her! I cannot!" she cries.

The loud "Hye, hye's!" and "Ha, ha's!" of the crowd now fall terribly on their ears.

"You cannot remain here," says old Brodie roughly. "You are endangering your own life and ours"—and, seizing her by the arm, he pulls her up by main force; he was a tall, powerful Scotchman, with a gaunt, bony frame. After all, it is hard to be killed when you have made a large fortune, and are just about to return to your native land with it. And the orchard wicket is so close. "Take her other arm," he cries to young Hamilton, who is standing near, and he seizing her other arm, they run her between them up to the wicket, and pass in through it.

And now they can hear the tramp of the advancing crowd as it comes nearer, along the lane. Every one has passed in through the wicket, which is very narrow, and only admits one person at a time, and the gardener is about to close it when Miss Lyster slips by him and runs back to the place where her mother is lying.

Hay jumps forward to go after her, but the gardener has closed and bolted the wicket.

"Open it!" says Hay.

"What for? What profit will it be your going after her? You cannot do her any good—not if all three of you gentlemen went after her. You would all three be killed. That is all."

"I must bring her back. Open the door!" cries Hay passionately, and trying to move the man aside.

"Speak low! Be silent!" cries the native; and Lillian, with her nerves outworn by the terrible events, the terrible sights and sounds, the terrible apprehensions of that day, gives a jump, and even firm hearted Mrs. Fane starts violently as there is a sudden roar from the crowd, evidently at sight of the two women in the road.

The hellish, rushing crowd is now within a few yards of themselves — is separated from them only by a couple of rows of fruit-trees and the cactus hedge encompassing the orchard.

"You could not get near them now; the crowd is round them." His listeners shudder. "You are only endangering the lives of these other women too," says the gardener, as Hay again puts his hand on his shoulder, as if to thrust him aside. "If you stand here any longer you will all be killed. They will be sure to come to the wicket, and there would be no difficulty in their bursting it open. Come behind me — quick!"

"Give me your arm, William," cries Beatrice, claiming for his sake that help she would not have claimed for her own.

Then, as they run swiftly along the walk which runs down the middle of the orchard, the gardener says, —

"You must get out of the garden as soon as you can. Those children of Satan will be sure to make search for you. They will be sure to think that those other two ladies would not have been by themselves." He leads them to the gate at the opposite end of the garden. They are in the lane the crowd has passed up. "Now run," says the friendly owner of the orchard, which has been of such use to them.

"We will not forget what you have done for us," says Hay, as they move quickly away.

To their delight they find that the lane brings them to the widespread grounds of Melvil Hall, though on the opposite side to that on which the highroad — that now terrible highroad — would have conducted them.

"If I find you can remain here safely, I will go back and see what has become of her," says Hay, as they pass in at the gateway. "I must go back, or I should never have a happy day in my life again."

"Oh! this is terrible," cries Beatrice, clinging to his arm.

They pass along under the beautiful avenue, some of the trees in which are casting a sweet fragrance into the air. How delightfully cool and fresh that air is now! They are walking up the slight acclivity on the crest of which the mansion stands, when the gardener enters the avenue from a side path, and seeing them, utters an exclamation, and stops them.

"You must not go up to the front of the house," he says; "there are many people, people of all sorts, standing there. Follow me."

He brings them to the line of lower rooms which had been built up from the front of the declivity in order to form a terrace in front of the side of the house which faced it, and one of which is used as a billiard-room. Into this he leads them. "I will go and fetch the khansaman-jee" (the "Sir Butler"), he says.

When that venerable servitor, who has passed the whole of his life — all but the first fourteen years of it — in the service of the Melvil family, enters the room, he is in a state of terrible agitation.

"What a twirl of the world is this!" exclaims the old man, as he makes them the profound yet graceful and dignified salaam which has been one of his accomplishments. "My master, Melvil Sahib, the commissioner sahib, a prisoner!"

"A prisoner!" cries Hay.

"Yes, my master, the commissioner sahib, Melvil Sahib, a prisoner! Who could have thought such a thing possible?"

"Where?"

"In the palace of the nuwâb. And here are people coming to plunder this house — the commissioner's house — Mr. Melvil's house — the house in which I have lived for over forty years. They are coming now — a great crowd of people."

"It must be the same crowd," says Hay, looking round at the others.

"And some of the servants are proving unfaithful to their salt. The coachman says that he will take the big carriage with the pair of horses belonging to it. He says it is his right."

"We want something to eat and drink," cries Hay, interrupting him.

"But you cannot remain here, sir. They have been killing all the English people. What a turn of the world is this! And they will kill you too if they find you here."

"They have not arrived yet?"

"No; but they are not very far off."

"Well, bring us down something to eat and drink at once. We must have something — the ladies are faint. Bring us plenty of cold water," says Hay.

"And some beer," says Hamilton. "I suppose you have some cooled?"

"Plenty."

"Quick, then — quick."

After a while the old man returns, accompanied by a *khid-mutgar* (literally, "serving-man"), and they carry two big trays, on which are cold meat and bread and butter and biscuits, and other eatables, and they bring down several bottles of iced water and several bottles of iced

beer. How delicious is the fragrance of the latter as the old man draws the corks! I have drunk many a tankard of cool ale in this our native land with the sensation of great delight, but the drinking of a glass of Bass's pale ale, iced, in India, in the hot weather, is an orgasm! How it diffuses itself through you! How it revives and re-invigorates you! It would produce a soul under the ribs of death. The clean, wholesome, hoppy perfume! What bouquet of what wine ever equalled it? And as you hold the glass lovingly up before you, what ruby or purple of what wine ever equalled that amber tint? The "beaded bubbles winking at the brim" of a glass of champagne, what are they compared to that tender froth? Many of our poets have celebrated the praises of this our national drink; to what a height would their strains have risen had they ever enjoyed a glass of it at the end of a long, hot day in India! Old Brodie insists that the ladies too shall partake of the refreshing, strengthening, tonic draught. And they eat and drink very quickly, for they are very hungry and very thirsty; they eat and drink very quickly, for the old khansaman earnestly urges them to do so.

"Very different meal this from the last one we had here," says Hamilton, speaking, as clearly as he can with his mouth so full, to Lilian. A very good meal in its way, but still very different. In place of the blaze of the innumerable candles, the flickering of a single common oil lamp; in place of the dainty and magnificent appointments of the table, nothing at all, their plates on their knees, their glasses on the billiard table; in place of the long row of guests with their bright, proud, happy, cheerful faces, their bright uniforms, their dainty, fresh white evening dresses, *they*, with their dirty, grimy hands and faces, with their dust-filled hair and their bedraggled garments, which clung so clammily about them, with their sorrowful, anxious faces. The changed condition of their clothing they can see and feel; the changed condition of their faces they can see mirrored in the faces of those around them. But now the old khansaman is very urgent with them to be gone.

"We had better take the advice of the immortal Captain Dalgetty, and lay in provender while we can," says Hay, and he takes another glass of beer, swallows it at a gulp, and puts some bread and cold meat into his pockets. They move with quick feet across the lawn, where so few

nights before their footsteps had been hurried only by the music. They steal anxiously along the walks over which they had wandered in such perfect security and high delight, without any thought of danger, on that festive occasion which was so recent to them this morning, and seems so far away to them now. The night has come, and the long avenues, then so brightly lighted, are now dark to the eye as well as to the heart. But they welcome that darkness, for the yells and shouts proclaim that the marauders have reached the hall and begun the work of plunder — have asserted their dominion over the place. They quicken their already by no means tardy footsteps.

"They have begun to loot the house," cries the old khansaman, with quivering voice. "They will break all the things in it — the beautiful things — the china and glass, of which I have had charge for over thirty years now. It is for so long a period as that that I have been khansaman here." That eleventh of May was a distressful day to many different people in many different ways.

They have arrived at the gateway on the west, or cantonmentward, side of the grounds. This places them once more on the road they had parted from so short a time before; under circumstances on which none of them dare look back. The brief, bright afterglow has faded away and left the world quite dark. It is inky black under the avenues of umbrageous trees, with interlacing boughs, which border the road on either hand. As the fugitives move along in the soothing coolness and sheltering darkness of one of these avenues each one of them falls into a reverie. A dead silence reigns around them; they are not disturbed by the present, so they begin to recall the past, and to forecast the future, the future on which the immediate past must have so great an influence. (Strange that the mind should derive so much misery from the past which is dead and the future which has no existence! How lucky it is that the flesh does not remember or forebode — that our bodily pains are of to-day and not of yesterday or to-morrow; that the tooth does not ache in remembrance or by anticipation.) Old Dr. Brodie broods over the plunder of the bank, which may mean so great a loss to him. William Hay is reflecting with bitterness on the mutiny of his men. The tears run silently down her cheeks, flowing now for the first time, as Mrs. Fane mourns for her husband, notwithstanding the glorious manner of his death. What is she

to do now? The thought is a perfectly legitimate one, and Mrs. Fane entertains it as much for the sake of her children as her own. But it is curious how much our concern for others, even those nearest and dearest to us, is connected rather with ourselves than with them. David did not mourn for the lost man Jonathan, but for his lost son Jonathan. And Beatrice is mourning for her father, the noble and the kindly, if also the affected, of whom she was so fond and proud. And she mourns for her wedding dress. There was no want of feeling, no defect of filial piety in this. The big things of the next world and the small things of this, the eternal verities and the small, every-day verities, stand together in dramatic juxtaposition. You may mourn deeply for the father or mother, daughter or son, brother or sister, who died last night, but you must brush your hair this morning, see to its parting. Lilian, too, mourns for her father, whom she so greatly loved and admired, and the ghastly face of poor dead Tommy Walton rises up before her. They are startled from their reveries by a voice crying out of the darkness, "*Koun log?*" (What people?)

"Who are you?" Hay calls in return.

"That is enough — you are Feringhees. Do not go on to the cantonment."

"Why not?"

"It is in possession of the sepoys. The English people have fled from it. The evil-livers of the city have all gone out to it to plunder it."

"But who are you?"

"What does it matter? *Bunda Khoda*" (Servant of God — the usual signature to anonymous documents), "do not go on to the cantonment if you wish to preserve your lives. You had better get down into the low lands of the Jumna. Turn into the first road leading to the right; that will take you down to it."

"Come and let us see who you are. Come and show us the way."

But there is no answer. They have seen no one; that is not to be wondered at, the darkness is so thick; they have heard no footsteps; the man might have been squatted down somewhere, might have sped away noiselessly on his naked feet. At all events, the voice came out of the darkness and has vanished away into the darkness. They hear it no more.

As they move onward they discuss what they have heard, almost determine not to go on to the cantonment, and keep a sharp lookout for the road to the right. And now they have arrived at the channel

which relieves the main canal, from which the water-courses running into the town are supplied, of its surplus water and carries it off to the Jumna. They cannot forego the chance of enjoying the delight of washing their hands and faces. Before crossing the bridge that spans the stream they move down the bank a little, and then descend to the water's edge. Fortunate that they did so. For now along the hard, metalled road ahead of them comes the sharp clang of horses' hoofs, the sharp, commingled clatter of many horses' hoofs, that sound, so difficult to describe in words, which arises from the movement of many horses together. It comes nearer and nearer, and now a hollow sound tells that the horsemen are upon the bridge, and those down below pause in the lavement of their hands, and looking up see the bridge crowded from end to end with horses and horsemen; they stand out clear against the sky, now brightening with the rising moon. The hearts of the women leap into their mouths. Will they be seen? Surely they must be, with their white clothing and so large a group of them. But they are not. The thoughts, as well as the eyes, of the horsemen are turned upon the city toward which they are hastening, and above which they note a gleam instead of the usual glimmer, and know that the usual feeble illumination by means of lamps has this night been supplemented by the strong light from the burning bungalows of the English.

Their attention was the more strongly directed that way because hitherto the thickly wooded banks of the escape channel had lain between them and the city; it was on crossing the bridge that they had a clear, open view toward it. And though the moon was rising it was still very dark down below in the narrow, deep channel, with its thickly wooded banks. The body of horsemen had passed on with its confused clatter of hoofs and its confused sound of men's voices. The continually increasing silence affects the fugitives like a material thing, like a substantial pleasure, like a tangible gain; it is to them like food, like gold; what food would be to the starving man and gold to the beggar. When it has become complete and full they breathe freely once more. Hay offers up a silent prayer. Had they kept on straight across the bridge they must have met the horsemen face to face. That might have meant immediate death for some; it might have meant worse than death for others.

Crossing the bridge with a curious feel-

ing they pursue their way. They have come now to the end of the fruitful, tree-covered tract, and a wide stretch of the open, barren, denuded land which borders the valley of the Jumna stretches far before them, and looking across this they see a red glow in the sky. That is the west, and so it is not the glow of the rising moon. It is the light of a conflagration, and that is the direction in which the cantonment lies; it is the glare of their burning bungalows. Old Brodie groans. He owns a great many of the bungalows in the cantonment, as he does in many other cantonments. This is a day of severe loss to him. And as they advance toward it the gleam becomes higher and brighter, higher and brighter to a degree which the short distance they have traversed cannot account for. The conflagration must be fast increasing. And when they come to the road that runs off to the right, that increasing brightness adds force to the advice of the voice from out the darkness, and they finally determine to follow it, the advice, and the road. They soon arrive at the edge of the reticulation of ravines which lies between the margin of the valley of the river and the high lands above. The night sounds have begun; the weird, unearthly, demoniacal yelling of the jackals; the baying of the dogs in the villages; the harsh cry of the peafowl disturbed in their roosting-places; the hooting of owls and the scream of the night-jar. These ravines are very much the haunt of wild beasts, and they hear the horrible laugh of the hyæna not far off, and a couple of wolves go across the road in front of them, with long, smooth, lolling gallop, and a switching of tails.

And now they can see far around them, far over the treeless, broken, barren ground, and looking to the right they see the glow that marks the position of the city, the dwelling-place of the ancient ruling race; and looking to the left they see the glare that marks the position of "the cantonment," the dwelling-place of the latest conquering race; and behind them are dark masses of trees, and before them seems nothingness, they seem to be looking, that way, into infinite space. They are in fact looking over the wide, shallow trough, or valley, of the river. By this time the moon has raised her huge red disc some distance above the horizon, and flooded the high land and the low land with her silvery light. The road begins to descend, and after winding for some time through the valleys of the ravines, brings them to the edge of the sacred

stream, to the margin of the much-worshipped Jumna. They know that the water here can be of no great depth, for the main stream of the river runs, just now, under the opposite bank of the valley, more than a mile away. But still Hay thinks it better to try the stream before letting the ladies go in, and so he wades across it and back. It is nowhere more than knee-deep. But there is another danger connected with the sacred stream besides that of drowning: it abounds with alligators; and only a few days before the talk of the station had been about the quantity of jewellery, anklets, and bangles, and finger-rings, and toe-rings, the jewellery of women and children, that had been found in the stomach of a monstrous specimen of the class shot by an officer. And so the girls splash across the water with no pleasant feelings.

This trough or valley of the Jumna, cut out by the stream and in which it oscillates, is a region of a peculiar character, a wild and uninhabited region, and is made up of the present and past channels of the river, with their wide stretches of dry sand, and the quagmires and morasses, the occasional patches of cultivation, the long reaches covered with tall grass or the thick-growing tamarisk, which lie between those channels. The road they are on is simply an earthen track. After they have been walking for some time they find themselves at the edge of a morass, across which there is no sign of a road, where the track ceases to have any further existence. They must have got off the cart track, as was easy enough to do, for it was not everywhere very clearly defined, and there were many other tracks. In fact they find themselves in the midst of a labyrinth of tracks, cattle tracks, for the valley is a great grazing ground, especially at this season of the year. One of these tracks conducts them to the edge of a quagmire; so does another; and another; in fact, most of the tracks lead to the morasses in which the buffaloes love to wallow, to the pools of water which they work up into quagmires. Then they take a track which leads them through the midst of a long stretch of the bushy tamarisk, whose branches cut them like whips, and where they disturb a huge sounder of wild pigs, and send them scuttling away. Now they have to push their way through tall, dry, crackling reeds, now through thorny bushes, bushes armed with terrible thorns, thorns curved and straight, thorns like hooks and daggers. And now the track they have chosen leads them to the

edge of a sullen, impassable ditch ; now across a dry jheel, where the little clay ripples crackle under their feet. Then the track leads them across a rudely cultivated tract, where the clods are as large and hard as boulders, and where the poor women, having only their thin house shoes on, suffer very much. And so they keep wandering about, but cannot find the wheeled track again.

Their physical energy is now very low. Brodie and Hamilton have begun to quarrel. What they had all gone through that day was enough to strain the powers of any one to the utmost. With some, the exhaustion is complete ; they have begun to trench on the capital stock of existence, on the vital principle ; they have begun, as it were, to devour themselves. They are overpowered by an intense and irresistible desire for sleep. It is said that the most cruel of all forms of torture is that of preventing a man from sleeping, keeping him awake until he dies. They must sleep, they must lie down and sleep, come what may. All thought of the past, all care for the future, is lost in that want of the present, that overpowering desire for sleep. Hamilton stumbles over a clod with a curse.

"I cannot walk any farther," he says. "I must have a sleep. I do not care to find the road — damn it." And he yawns a loud and prolonged yawn.

The two brave girls have said never a word, but Hay has observed how often Beatrice stumbles and staggers, and how frequently Lilian lags behind.

"It would have been as well to have got to the other side of the *khadir*" (valley of the river), he says ; "though I do not suppose we could have got out of it before morning. We could not have crossed the river by night. We must have slept on the bank of the main channel *there*, and we may as well sleep here. We must have slept in the open and on the bare ground. It is probably safer that we should not sleep too near a public road."

"Oh, yes ; this place will do very well," says Hamilton, with another huge yawn. He would probably have lain down on the trunk of a tree laid across a roaring torrent, at the edge of a precipice.

"But we need not sleep in this rough field. That would not do for you," says Hay to Beatrice tenderly.

A little way off is a sand ridge ; and the clean, dry slope of that will do very well ; and they have soon reached it ; and they have soon cast themselves down upon it, and they are all soon fast asleep — even

the wife who has lost her husband, even the children who have lost their father, even the old man who has lost his money ; they have all soon obtained oblivion and rest — active, waking, sentient life had been carried to the verge of endurance — all but Hay, who determines to keep watch, and lifting himself up when he knows the others are asleep, seats himself cross-legged.

And in the dead silence that now reigns around, the sound of their own movements ended, there fall upon his ear the twelve vibrations from the great palace-gong — he can only hear the first strong strokes — that proclaim the midnight hour. He would rather have been out of hearing of the strokes altogether.

And so that memorable 11th of May, 1857, has come to an end. The fourth day of our tale has passed — we have gone through half our time.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CONTRASTS OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH LITERATURE.*

To compass the extent, so as to exhibit the contrasts, of two such literatures as English and French — the greatest of the world, if mass be considered as well as merit — in the space of sixty minutes, may seem no doubt a rather hazardous attempt. It would be hazardous indeed if it pretended to be complete in that period ; still more if it pretended to dispense hearers from the study necessary to verify the contrasts for themselves. I think, however, as I have on one or two occasions endeavored to maintain by the written if not by the spoken word, that the study of literature, almost more than any other study, gains by being, and indeed needs to be, carried on by the method of contrast and comparison. I am quite sure that the enjoyment of that study which I am disposed to believe as important as what is commonly called the edification of it, is enormously increased by the comparative method. But I should like to explain at the outset what sort of contrast and what sort of comparison you are to be invited to make. The senses of the words have been sometimes curiously confused and misinterpreted by persons whom I should hardly have supposed likely to be guilty of such confusion. Our comparison here will not be in the least ungracious. What

* A paper was read before the Bradford Philosophical Society on February 16th.

I do not want to do myself, or to induce any one else to do, is to exalt either literature at the expense of the other — to run down English for the sake of showing that they order these things better in France, or to point out the defects of French in order to show how great a nation we ourselves are in literature as in other things.

In making the comparison it will, I think, be well to keep as much as possible to the historical side of the matter. By this I mean that it will be well to avoid certain kinds of contrast and certain kinds of comparison which have been occasionally resorted to, and which have perhaps sometimes led to obscurity rather than enlightenment. All my hearers are no doubt acquainted with certain famous passages which the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, a critic never to be mentioned without respect by critics, a writer never to be thought of without admiration by writers, devoted to what seemed to him mistaken moral tendencies and unpleasant moral features of French character and French literature. Some recent passages in the history of their literature might tend to strengthen the affirmative side; but we should have from the wider historical point of view to let the negative also have full play. Some of you, again, may expect me to show how the contrasted characteristics of French and English respectively are due, on the race and heredity theories, to the Celtic, Teutonic, and Latin strains mingled in them, to various Teutonic strains with a slight admixture of Celtic and others in us. I have, I hope, a sufficient stock of orthodoxy in some ways; but I own that in others, and this is one of them, I am profoundly heretical. In the first place these fashionable explanations vary and yet recur in a manner most disquieting, I should think, to the believer, save that he can rarely be got to consider it, most amusing, I am sure, to the sceptic. Although I am not a very aged man I am old enough to remember the later heyday of another universal explainer, the association-of-ideas theory. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford professorial and tutorial chairs were still mostly held by disciples of Mr. Mill; and we explained (except some of us whom the gods made critical even then) everything by association. Mr. Mill died in the metaphorical as well as in the physical sense; Mr. Darwin succeeded him, and now the scientific explanation of all things is by selection and heredity, derivation and crossing. I think it excessively likely that many of my hearers, and not abso-

lutely impossible that I myself may live to see something else as popular, as satisfactory, as passing as either. These dominant keys to the mystery of the universe are in the truest sense

Priests that slew the slayer
And shall themselves be slain.

They always tell some truth, and the truths they tell are always made to extend far too widely and apply far too absolutely. Moreover, there is this of questionable about them to a cool-headed observer, that they can be made at pleasure to explain anything, to turn round (at least, for opening is another thing) in any lock. In other words, a man with a tolerably fertile imagination and a little trick of logic (it will do no harm if he be specially expert in the department of fallacies) can adjust the theory, and all such theories, to any circumstances, and can perform to a miracle that kind of explanation of the problem which consists in restating it in other words. And I think if he were as frank as Captain Dugald Dalgetty, he would take very much the captain's attitude towards all theories of the kind. He, you remember, after a pleasant summary of the party-cries of his day added: "Good watchwords all — excellent watchwords! Whilk is the best I cannot say; but sure I am that I have fought knee-deep in blood many a day for one that was ten degrees worse than the worst of them all." Substitute skull-deep in argument for the more alarming phrase, and you have it.

Let us therefore not attempt this side of the matter; and however tempting they may be let us decline both deductions from general race-theories and paradoxes from individual contradictions of them. It is a curious thing no doubt, that what is by some accounts the highest poetry of the world, and is by general consent among the highest, comes from a race which is also by general consent one of the most prosaic, the most matter-of-fact, the most, as some would say, Philistine of races. It is curious, again, that the Frenchman who prides himself (affecting to laugh at the phrase, but really hugging himself on it) upon being *né malin*, upon his lightness and adjustability of wit, should be of all created beings not only the most disinclined to new ideas on many points, but the most positively incapable of entertaining them. A friend of mine who, if he has paid less attention to the literature of France than I have, has lived in France much more and knows Frenchmen in the flesh much better than I do myself, not

long ago observed to me: "A Frenchman's mind is built in watertight compartments, and when the bolts are once shot nothing can get in." These are interesting things no doubt! but the consideration of them would only draw us away from our proper subject, and seduce us into pleasing but delusive generalizations of the kind I have referred to already. Let us abstain from such Delilahs of the imagination, and come down to comparison of the actual course of the two literatures. Let us see, so far as we can in the time, what they have done, what they present between the covers of their million books, what we can actually conclude as to their agreements and differences not on any *a priori* theories, but from simple induction based on the observed and arranged facts of the two histories.

In considering the first and not the least striking point of contrast between the two there is something, not much, which may offer a little initial difficulty. If I say, what I believe to be an undoubted fact, that the course of French literature is much longer and more unbroken than that of English, I am likely to be confronted with some indignant gainsayers — some of them persons I much respect — who will accuse me of treason to Old English. Some of these, a hardy folk, would assert an apostolical succession of English from "Beowulf" (though nobody knows when "Beowulf" was written) to the very latest work of Lord Tennyson. Professor Earle, who has written a most interesting book on English prose, assures us that it was in full force in the tenth century; and I am not sure that he does not hold the English prose of the tenth century to be something which we are only laboriously endeavoring to equal now. Certainly French cannot pretend to any antiquity like this. But then what they call Old English, that is to say, everything before the thirteenth century or thereabouts, is of such a nature that no one who merely knows modern English can read it except by guesswork. The earliest literary French that we have dates probably from the end of the eleventh century; and though I know that both in France and England there are those who deny this, I do not believe that any fairly intelligent man who can read a French book of to-day will have much real difficulty in reading the "Chanson de Roland." The difficulty that he will have, will be about the same which used to be felt in England before we became more familiar, and so not more contemptuous but more at our ease, with

Chaucer. Now this is my criterion of a literature's identity, the being readable in all parts by intelligent and fairly educated persons without special study or great difficulty. Taking it as a starting-point we shall find that what I said just now about French and English is very fairly true. We shall find likewise that not only is the appearance of French as a literary language earlier, but its development is much more varied, regular, and equal. There is nothing at all surprising in this, nor need it grieve the self-love of any Englishman. Although French had gone through a process of transformation from Latin through the *Lingua Romana Rustica* with extraordinary rapidity and thoroughness — with thoroughness and rapidity for which I think there is elsewhere no parallel — it had always, so to speak, its ancestor at the back of it. Through the four or five centuries during which the process of transformation lasted, all the educated part of the nation had the old literary language in more or less use, and some at least of its monuments in contemplation. The French, in short, in those days, whatever they have done in later ones, steadily "dwelt in the old house while the new was a-building," and it was impossible that the results of this should not make themselves felt. We, on the other hand, started with a great if undeveloped literary faculty, as Gothic, and Icelandic, and old High German, and the other kindred and ancestral tongues show, but with no ancestry of written literature, and with the apparatus of the only literary tongue that to the knowledge of our ancestors existed, utterly unfitted for our use. We had to make all such apparatus for ourselves; the French found it to a great extent made for them. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the marks of this difference are on the two languages and the two literatures to this day. There is undoubtedly an Old English prosody and an Old English syntax, but both, and especially the former, are rudimentary compared to those that the first finished, which is also all but the first piece of organized French shows. I do not think it at all fanciful or rash to trace to this difference the main divergence between the two, too striking and manifold to have escaped any observer — the divergence between order in the French and license in the English.

Whether order was Heaven's first law I do not know; but it certainly was the first law of the Latins. It would be out of our way to do more than allude to the exam-

ples of this to be found in their politics, their economy, their religion, their jurisprudence; but equally valid proofs of it are to be found in their literature. In no single case did they borrow (and they were always borrowing) from the Greeks without drawing the reins tighter, discarding license, substituting a hard and fast rule for a discretionary alternative. Some of the results of this were no doubt lost in the centuries of disintegration; but enough remained to make French, when it emerged from those centuries, an almost scholastic language compared with English, and to impress on it a character which it has never lost. Only in these latter days have Frenchmen, greatly daring and then under the censure of their authorities, ventured to break through such rules as that of the fixed *cæsura* at certain parts of a line which we find in the earliest monuments of the literature, and that of the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes which meets us almost as early. They have never to this day except in mere unliturgical song-writing ventured to slur a syllable, or to neglect that mute *e* the value of which in French itself some Englishmen of great accomplishment seem not even to suspect. And the interesting thing is that there is absolutely no period during the eight centuries of the existence of French as a literary language in which these characteristics do not appear. If the formative laws of French verse, and in a less degree of French prose, are not exactly laws of the Medes and Persians which alter not, they deserve that description more thoroughly than the laws of any other literature of equal duration known to me. French constantly experienced foreign influences, indeed during the Middle Ages it may be said to have been to no small extent both inspired and written by foreigners. It went to school to Italian in the sixteenth century, to Spanish in the seventeenth, to English in the eighteenth. But so strongly fixed is it in the forms and moulds into which it was first run that it never experienced a sensible alteration of form. From time to time attempts not suited to the genius of the language were made, and they all died strangled at birth. Even now, when the liberty of the Romantic movement has long diverged into all sorts of queer excesses, the spell of the whole is on the executants, and neither M. Richépin nor M. Verlaine can help reminding us constantly of the restrictions which as a Frenchman he underlies.

Contrast this for one moment with our own literary history. So far has it been from being the case that the laws and forms of English have resisted foreign influences in a similar way, that almost the only restrictions which we have ever obeyed, and those but partially, have been of foreign importation, and that we have thrown our own matter into them instead of subjecting their matter to our own form or absence of form. Even the sonnet's ribs of steel we made pliable; and in more complicated matters, such as the classical tragedy, we refused again and again to bear the yoke because we could not shape it. It is, or used to be, the fashion to hold that during the "correct" period — the period of the influence of Dryden and still more of Pope — English did become in a manner formal; but the slightest examination will show to how small an extent this is the case. For the moment the stream ran small and low, and so it did not attempt to overpass the bounds which were set to it; but with the first freshet they were all swept utterly away, and became as though they had never been. Just as France, constantly feeling foreign influences, has never expressed those influences in anything but a more or less French form, so England has constantly borrowed foreign form, has bent and lissomed them after her own manner, and has uttered through them thus altered her own spirit — the curious, indefinable, incalculable spirit, which some short-sighted people call insular, but which is in effect and at its best microcosmic, possessing something in common with all parts of the world of mind, though as a whole more different from any of them than they are from each other.

It is, however, particularly desirable to avoid rash language in connection with this matter of form; and I should like to bring our contrast before you a little more particularly under that special light. I have, to bring out the comparison in another way, just adopted the ordinary description of the lawlessness of English as contrasted with the strict formality of French. It is the truth, but not all the truth. In the sense in which French is subject to the reign of law, English is no doubt comparatively lawless, but in that sense only. I think that some, and even some great ones, have made a grievous mistake in sighing in this sense for change from lawlessness to law. When I hear these sighs I always think of a certain delightful verse of Peacock's: —

But this you may know, that as long as they grow,

Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be taught but a greenwood tree.

And English is one with its own greenwood trees in this respect. It will grow as it likes or not at all; and if you try the *ars topiaria* upon it you will only make stunted abortions or playthings at the best, pretty enough, but obviously out of their kind and element. When a certain French poet undertook to teach poetry in twenty (or was it thirty?) lessons he was not in reality uttering either a paradox or a bravado. Not only can a very great deal of what makes poetry in French be taught in lessons (the precise number does not matter), but what is much more important, the greatest poet in the world could not write good French poetry without such lessons given orally or by reading. No amount of genius will teach a man, except by pure accident, to break his twelve-syllabled lines at the sixth, and his ten-syllabled ones at the fourth syllable; to tip alternate, and only alternate, pairs of rhymes with *e* and so forth. Of such rules, of such form as this there is practically nothing in English verse or prose, both of which justify themselves by the effect, or not at all. In the same way, English is much more tolerant than French, if French can be said to be tolerant and if English can be said to be intolerant, of peculiarities and neologisms of phrase. I know that there is just now a school of Frenchmen who are trying to break the intolerance down in France; and I know that there not only is, but always has been, a school of Englishmen who strongly object to the tolerance in England. I can only say that, as usual, I look at history and judge by it *securus*. All the greatest Frenchmen, with hardly an exception, have been on the side of rigor; all the greatest Englishmen, with hardly an exception, have been on the side of latitude. If I were a Frenchman, I should be the fiercest of purists; as I am an Englishman, I choose to follow with unequal steps the seven-leagued strides of Shakespeare and Dryden and the rest, in taking a new word or a new construction, whenever it seems to me that the word or the construction is not intrinsically objectionable, that it is defensible by English analogy, and that it either supplies an actual want or furnishes a useful or ornamental alternative. But because I am thus for liberty in English, do I maintain that English has no form of its own — that it is

simply a case of "go as you please?" Most assuredly this is not the case. English is probably if not certainly, a more difficult language to write really well than French; and it could not possibly be that if it were a mere "pidgin" dialect, composition in which were limited to the hanging together anyhow of a sufficient number of words to express the thought. It has its own forms, and very severe ones they are in their own way. But they are in some cases not easy, in others impossible to formulate in the ordinary way and sense. They are something like those ancient laws of various peoples which were never written down, and which it was a sort of sacrilege and violation of them to write down. They are transmitted by observance of the elders, by inference and calculation, sometimes, as it were, almost by an inherited and otherwise incommunicable instinct. A great Greek philosopher has been sometimes laughed at, and sometimes made a text to preach the weakness of philosophy, because he added to a definition, "and as the intelligent man would define it." That addition is essential to all our English laws and forms of literature. Where the Frenchman has a clear, positive enactment which is to take or to leave, the Englishman finds only a caution "as the intelligent man shall decide," or "unless the intelligent man shall decide otherwise."

It has always seemed to me that consideration of these points ought specially to affect the discussion of a question which is always being renewed in England (whether with entire seriousness or not it is difficult to say), the question whether a French Academy adjusted to the meridian of Greenwich would be a good thing for England. That question has been revived lately with increasing frequency, and it is particularly well-suited to certain characteristics of public life to-day. On one side of the matter, the personal side, I need say nothing here. I have no doubt at all that we could get together a very respectable, not to say a brilliant, Forty in England; and I have less than no doubt that some at least of those who were not included would be exceedingly angry at their exclusion. These things are incidental to Academies even in the countries where they exist. But an incident is not an essential. What I cannot see is the good that the Academy is to do in England when it is got together. The good that it is to do, and to some extent does, in France is quite clear. The "Forty Geese that guard the capitol" (it is only fair to

remember that that excellent jest was made by a goose who had failed of appointment as a guard) know exactly what they are appointed to do. They have to maintain the hard and fast rules to which we have already referred, to exemplify them in their own writing, to denounce the breach of them in others. Further, as even the hardest and fastest rules must sometimes admit of enlargement after a fashion, they have from time to time to signify certain relaxations and easements, not of the strictest form of French, for that is irrelaxable, but of what may be called the attitude of French official criticism, by admitting some innovator of undoubted genius or prevailing popularity to the charmed circle. They do this part of their duty a little less well than the other, but they do it fairly; and they do the other very well indeed. For you will observe that it is a duty which can be done by men not exactly of genius, almost as well as by men of genius, and perhaps even better. In the worst times, by the least distinguished of immortals, provided only that the individual members (which is *ex hypothesi* certain) are fairly educated and not in their rashest youth, the traditions of French form, which are so clear and so valuable, can be observed and championed. In the best times, the very best writers can but exemplify them with additions, can but show how the greatest talent or even genius can put up with them and yet suffer no loss. The advantage of this is obvious. It is not metaphor, but simple expression of fact, to say that a French Academician is in the position of a French judge. He has a clear code to expound and apply; and he can hardly be so abnormally stupid or so abnormally clever as not to be able to do so. The danger is that the code should lapse for want of exposition and application; and that is what he exists to prevent, and what his mere existence, such as he must almost necessarily be, does prevent of itself.

But how different is our state! I do not myself see how an English Academy could do any good, how it could even refrain from doing considerable harm, unless its members were, in large and permanent majority, men of genius endowed at once with consummate judgment and with almost superhuman catholicity. For we have no fixed rules to apply; we cannot take down a code and turn to article so and so, clause so and so, with a certainty of finding that it meets the case in hand. Unless we could always count on that

standing majority of men of genius, tempered in each case by judgment and sympathy, we should have mere stupidity dominant at one time, mere crotchets at another, mere exaggeration at a third. So far from having a fixed central exponent of the literary standard we should have ups and downs considerably worse than at present. We should not only neglect but crucify our Chattertons and our James Thomsons at one time; at another we should endow them all, Chattertons and others, for fear of accidents, at the public expense, to the intolerable annoyance of future generations. Now to maintain a standing majority of men of genius doubled with judgment and doubled again with catholicity on such a board is, I should imagine, a very dangerous attempt indeed. Allowing for illness and accident, we must keep at least thirty such out of the forty. Are we prepared always to do so? Could any country that literary history tells us of have done so? Remember, they must be men who have produced and can produce masterpieces in their own kind, or they will not here be respected. They must be able also to recognize masterpieces and promises of masterpieces in kinds the most different from their own. They must have at once the qualities of the chief justice and those of the wild Prince and Poins. They must be academic and Bohemian, creative and critical, full of intense individuality, and full of catholic appreciation. I have a very high idea of the powers of my countrymen, but I think we might try them too high in setting them such a task. It has not been invariably achieved to admiration even in France, where the conditions of themselves facilitate success. Is it worth while trying it here, where they are such as almost to assure failure?

If we turn to another point of the contrast—a point which has been more than once mentioned—the contrast of spirit, we shall find ourselves on somewhat more perilous ground. The contrasts of outward form may be misinterpreted, but cannot be wholly missed. Yet, as the poet says:—

Soul is form and doth the body make.

And to the soul we must go. It is far harder and far more apparently presumptuous to attempt to sum up the spirit of literature in a few words and minutes than in a few words to define its outwardly formal characteristics. It is especially hard in the case not of French but of English. Yet those whose minds have been

long in contact with the two literatures are here, even less than elsewhere, likely to come to any serious disagreement about them. There are five pairs of opposites, or at least of differences in the two, which I think would be acknowledged by most such persons. The first is the sobriety of French as opposed to that characteristic of English which presents itself to foreigners in the light that suggests to them the famous phrase "mad Englishman." The second, closely allied, is the predominant wit of French literature as opposed to the predominant humor of English. The third is the singular abundance of what may be called the mechanical inventiveness in French balanced by the discursive imagination of the English. The fourth is the clearness and precision which seem to be, as they were once boasted to be, wedded to the genius of the French language as opposed to our own proneness to the vague and obscure. The fifth is the prevalence of the critical spirit in French as opposed to a certain impatience of criticism proper which is extremely noticeable in English. Pray do not let these divisions of mine mislead anybody. I am not saying that all Frenchmen are witty, that all Englishmen are humorous (I wish to heaven they were!); that no Englishmen are witty, which would be conspicuously false, or that no Frenchmen are humorous, which would be though very generally by no means universally true. In the same way, no one of the other qualities mentioned is either universally present in the literature of the one nation, or universally absent in the literature of the other. But the division holds on the average of the two cases, and what holds still more strongly is that combination of these and other qualities which is present in the highest examples of each. Thus the French have never produced any man with that combination of sense of the vague, of imagination, and of humor which goes to make the very highest poetry; and I am not sure that we have ever produced any one with that mixture of sobriety, inventiveness, precision, wit, and critical spirit which goes to make the most perfect prose. The difference is the same at the other end of the scale. It is almost impossible for a Frenchman to write such bad prose as an Englishman writes easily and with joy; and though there is a strange characteristic about very bad poetry which makes all nations of the earth akin, I am not quite sure that an Englishman can write it quite so badly, with a badness so little relieved by mere absurdity, so little

dependent upon technical faults, so sheerly, purely, hopelessly *bad*, as that which comes naturally to some Frenchmen. For the mere sound of English is poetical, while that of French (third parties, the only judges, will tell us this) is not; and so the English poetaster may blunder into a success, as the wandering and unconscious wind draws music from a harp. In French that is not to be done; and with the absence of art there is the absence of everything.

Yet another set of differences arises almost necessarily from the combination of the results of these two; but they are not on that account less interesting. Although all languages more or less attempt, and attempt with more or less success, different kinds, still most of them, especially when they have such strong idiosyncrasies as the pair we are now surveying, devote themselves with peculiar success to this kind or to that. Of poetry proper we need say little, for what has been just said accounts for and disposes of it with fair completeness; but in prose and drama the case is different. With respect to drama I am not a very good judge, taking myself little pleasure in the theatre, and knowing little about it except as the incidental producer of some excellent and much execrable literature. I suppose we may not borrow from Marmontel his famous apology that the English succeed better in poetry than the French because their genius is more poetical. But I never could see myself why the countrymen of Shakespeare, and Congreve, and Sheridan should have to borrow plays even from the countrymen of Molière. Probably, however, that mechanical and orderly inventiveness of which we have spoken is at the bottom of it. In prose it is much plainer sailing. We should almost be prepared to find from the considerations already advanced, and we do find as a matter of fact that the French excel us in oratory, in a certain kind of history, and, generally speaking, in the exposition of clearly understood facts and theories. The superiority of literary hack-work in France is a commonplace, a truism, almost (I am myself inclined to think) what some ingenious person called a *falseism*. I have never been able to admit that the usual newspaper article in France, for instance, is better than with us, though it no doubt has a certain superficial air of superior order, logic (which is often desperately illogical), and general arrangement. But what in my years of constant miscellaneous reading of books fresh

from the press of both countries I do find, is the immense and extraordinary superiority of French as a medium for what itself calls vulgarization — for what we call popularization — of scientific and miscellaneous facts. Happy is the man — I do not say who wants to go deeply into a subject, but — who wants to find a clear and not exactly superficial exposition of it, and who can find that exposition ready to his hand in French. Yet again universally recognized is the advantage which French has in the more properly literary department of aphorism, maxim-writing, and the like. The successful construction of such things in English is one of the hardest and one of the rarest exercises of our tongue; it is, if not one of the commonest and easiest, comparatively common and easy in French. And it throws a most curious and instructive side-light on those contrasts which we are discussing, that the writers who in English strive to make themselves remarkable by epigrams, *pensées*, aphorisms, and the like, are almost invariably driven to do it by manufacturing what may be called hard sayings. They make the natural vagueness of the language vaguer, they push to license its liberty of using words in new senses, they go more and more to the ends of the earth for strangely matched metaphors and unexpectedly adjusted images. The French maxim-maker, by an obvious instinct, does just the reverse. He clarifies yet further the natural clearness of his speech, avoids with yet more scrupulous care the juxtaposition of apparently incongruous images. The most wonderful of all examples of compressed thought, which has yet perfect urbanity and lucidity of expression, are the immortal maxims of La Rochefoucauld. He, with the other great writers of the same class who have followed him, have provided as it were so many different ready-made moulds of the *pensée* and maxim, that lesser men and women can run their own very inferior matter into these, and turn out something which at least looks like a *pensée* or a maxim with ease. Hardly a year passes without there coming into my hands, fresh from the Parisian press, some book of the kind, generally very prettily printed, often quite prettily written, and, if you read it without too much attention, reading not unlike the real thing. On the other hand, it is almost impossible even to translate such things into English at their best; and as for original writing of them, Englishmen, to do them justice, very rarely attempt it.

When they do, it is still more rare that they achieve anything but rubbish pure and simple, or rubbish tricked and spangled up with strange tinsel of language. I am by no means sure that this is wholly or even to any considerable extent a proof of weakness in our language, though the opposite of it is certainly connected with the strength of French. These aphorisms and epigrams are almost always half truths at most. The flash of them dazzles in the very act of illuminating, and I half think that the tendency to produce and to be satisfied by them accounts to some extent, and is in turn to some extent accounted for by, that limitation and obtuseness of the French mind which has been already glanced at. An epigram or an aphorism, like a dilemma, is in perpetual danger of what is technically called retorsion — a fact of which the person who delights overmuch in it is but too likely to take insufficient heed.

Whether there is much to choose between the languages in the matter of narrative is a long question to enter upon. There is, at any rate, very little doubt that we taught the French to write novels on more than one occasion. But instead of handling at any length the contrast of the English and the French novel, which might well afford a more than sufficient subject for a lecture by itself, let us take it as part of a wider division of this sketch — the contrasts presented by the two languages as subjects respectively of study and of amusement. It is sometimes objected to French that it is, for a study, too easy; and I certainly should never myself dream of recommending it as a substitute for studies severer still in form, more prolific in initial difficulties, and presenting a more elaborate and yet simpler because preciser discipline. In plainer language, I would never consent to accept the study of French in lieu of the study of Greek and Latin. But is any study, using that word in its proper sense, easy? I have tried many; I have found plenty of difficulty, if only it be not deliberately avoided or carelessly ignored, in all. (The peculiar difficulty of French, even to some extent as a language but to a much greater extent as a literature, lies in the very fact that it looks so easy, that it looks so like English. There is an old joke about the surprise of the untravelled Englishman who lands at Calais and discovers that the people, despite their strange facility in speaking French, are very nearly human. I am inclined to think that the real danger is the other way. Only after a very con-

siderable study of French life and French literature does one discover the deep and almost unfathomable differences which exist between them and the life and literature of England. We pride ourselves from time to time on the thought that Europe is getting more and more cosmopolitan, that nations are getting to understand each other better, and so forth. Are they? I doubt it very much. In ordinary experience, on the surface of politics, manners, letters, there may seem to be no great division, but the cracks are like those very unpleasant natural fissures which widen as they go down. In many matters it is simply impossible to get a Frenchman even to understand the English point of view, and not much easier, though I think it is a little easier, to get the Englishman to understand the Frenchman. Now the finding out, if not the reconciling of, such differences is one of the chief businesses and one of the chief benefits of the combined study of the two literatures. It is really a much more effectual way than that of residence in the two countries. For in the first place, it is very hard for a foreigner in either to get really what is now called in touch with the national life; and by so much as he does get in touch with it by so much, infallibly and by the law of nature, does he get out of touch with his own people. In that silent companionship of the library which has been extolled by writers far too great for any wise man to attempt to rival their phrase, this difficulty disappears. La Bruyère does not put you out of touch with Addison, Swift with Voltaire, Corneille with Shakespeare, Balzac with Thackeray, Hugo with Tennyson. You do not become less an Englishman because you are familiar with French from the "*Chanson de Roland*" to the works of "*Gyp*," nor less of a Frenchman because you are (as at least one French friend of mine is, and as I wish more Frenchmen were) familiar with English from Chaucer to Browning. You may not care—you might not be able if you did care—to exchange in either case your point of view for the other; but you are no longer unconscious of the two points. You can trace them in the past, you can to a great extent foresee them in given cases in the future, and above all you can understand them. Now there are few things in the world better than understanding, though there are many more common.

Perhaps, however, enjoyment is not less good even than understanding; and here too the contrast of the two literatures

heightens the benefit of them. There is, I believe, a notion prevalent, though not quite so prevalent as it used to be, that there is something insincere, unnatural, impossible almost, in a man liking opposites and things different from each other. I have never been able to share this notion myself, or to know why I may not admire *A*, because I admire *B*. On the contrary I should say that the admiration and enjoyment of *A* decidedly heighten the enjoyment and admiration of *B* by supplying perpetual foils, bringing out in turn the excellences of both, and softening the defects of each by showing that there are defects in the other. And it would be hardly possible to select in the intellectual world two subjects which perform this office of mutual correction and setting off so well as English and French literature, by dint of all the differences which we have been examining and many more. If there had really been a pre-established harmony in virtue of which each should supply what the other wants, each should correct the other's faults, each should serve as a whet to revive the appetite jaded by the other, the thing could not have been better arranged. The two together form the veritable Cleopatra of literary love-making, whom no age can wither nor custom stale. I do not forget the charms of others, nor the merits of others. I would not give up my reading of Greek or of Latin for any consideration. I would not be ignorant of German, nor unable to make a shift to read Dante. I wish I knew more than I do of other languages. But I cannot help thinking that for those whose circumstances do not permit them a wider range, it would be absolutely impossible to find two literatures which both for edification and delight complete each other in so strange and perfect a way as these two. If we have any intellectual advantage over the French (and being an exceedingly patriotic Englishman, I should be sorry to think we have not), it lies as much as anything in the fact that knowledge of French literature is far commoner in England than knowledge of English literature is in France. To be well read in French is no great distinction here; to be well read in English, whether it be regarded or not as a distinction in France, is an uncommonly rare accomplishment there. Many of my hearers must know and rejoice in the clearest and most amusing of living French critics, M. Jules Lemaitre. Now it is M. Lemaitre's pride and pleasure to assert his ignorance of English; and though it is

never quite safe to take such declarations too seriously, I must say that his remarks on English literature bear testimony to his absolute veracity. After which M. Lemaître permits himself to express unfavorable opinions about Shakespeare. There is nothing surprising in that; but what, if not surprising, is really interesting is, that this flaw in M. Lemaître's equipment shows itself just as much in his remarks on his own literature, as in his remarks on ours. He is not alive to things in French, and he misconceives things to which he is alive, exactly in the way from which knowledge of English would, or might, have saved him. And so doubtless would it be with any English critic who presumed to be ignorant of French. He would make mistakes in reference to English itself, from which knowledge of French would have saved him. But English critics are not so brave as French; and I hardly know one who would confess such ignorance even if he dared to run the risk of it.

Still we are not all critics, though, at the risk of seeing my own business overstocked or simply abolished, I am not sure that we ought not to be. At any rate we are all persons who have to live our lives, and who need take no shame in endeavoring to live them with as great and as varied an amount of honest and wholesome enjoyment as possible. And to that end, which I venture to think not in the very least a low or contemptible and, considered from the point of view of any religion, philosophy, or aesthetic, I know no such adequate means on the intellectual side as the study of literature. It is not indeed at all times of life sufficient by itself, and I do not propose that it should be thought so. It does not interfere with the pursuit of other kinds of business, of pleasure, of duty. I rather doubt whether it is ever itself pursued with thorough success unless those who pursue it pursue the others too. But it has the great virtue of receiving us, if not into everlasting, yet into lasting habitations when the others fail. *Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!* said the great diplomatist and humorist, — who, so far as we can make out, made his last stroke of humor in leaving memoirs more or less uninteresting with tantalizing precautions — to the person who was ignorant of whist. Far be it from me to speak of whist in any complimentary fashion. But to play it satisfactorily you must get three other people, and those not the first comers; you must be in a place where whist is playable; and

you must, at least that is my experience, make something of a business of it, and invest no small capital of time, if not of money. You need do none of these things with literature. Books are cheap, and even those who cannot afford them can borrow them from libraries, though I own that for my part I cannot read with comfort any book that is not at least temporarily my own. They are infinite; they are unexact; they can be taken up and put down at pleasure; they need no partner to secure their enjoyment; they interfere with nothing; they help everything. There is a certain charm also in filling out, not too methodically or slavishly, but with a sense of a definite end perhaps never to be reached but always to be aimed at, a certain scheme of reading. And that charm is, as it seems to me, infinitely increased by shaping the scheme so that it may include contrast and provide relief. It is quite possible that there may be some special attraction to a man whose main ordinary business is political and miscellaneous journalism in this kind of subsidiary study, which at once carries one out of and corrects the merely ephemeral passages of the day. But I can see no reason why the comparative anatomy of the two literatures which I have found so satisfactory myself should not be equally satisfactory to others whose occupations may be different, or who have no fixed occupations at all. At any rate in recommending it I am only obeying the old maxim *candidus imperti*, which, on the pattern of an ingenious and right reverend friend of mine, who once rendered *Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori*, "Don't be ashamed of marrying the housemaid," I may render, "Tell us all about it and don't give yourself airs." I am quite sure that I have not told you all about it this evening; but I hope I have told you something, and that I have not given myself airs.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A VISIT TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

WHEN St. Bruno the founder of the Carthusian Order, went in search of a retreat, he could not have found a spot more suitable for a life of solitude and contemplation than the desert of the Chartreuse, in the mountains of Dauphiné. Tradition says that the place was marked out for him by a revelation. German by birth, St. Bruno belongs to France by his educa-

tion and subsequent career. He was born of a noble family, at Cologne, in 1035, and was partly educated there; but he continued his studies at the school of Rheims, which was then celebrated, and distinguished himself so much that he was made director of all the public schools in that town and chancellor of the diocese.

He fought hard against the abuses in the Church during the tenure of the corrupt Archbishop Manassès the First, who deprived him, in consequence, of his post and his worldly goods, and drove him into exile. But the cause of justice triumphed in the end; the archbishop was deposed for simony, and St. Bruno was thought of as his successor. Meanwhile he had determined to leave the world and enter the monastic life, and nothing could turn him from this resolution.

Learned, pious, large-hearted ("homo profundi cordis," says a contemporary), with a mature judgment, a complete mastery over himself, a serene and equable spirit, he was well fitted to become a leader of men; but he only learnt by degrees what he was destined for. He began by going to the Benedictine monastery of Molesme, and lived in it for some time as a monk. Not finding there, however, the solitude he wished for, he went to Grenoble to consult with the young bishop, Hugues de Chateauneuf, who had once been his pupil at Rheims. At the moment Bruno and his six followers entered the town, in June, 1084, Hugo dreamt that he saw seven stars fall at his feet, rise again to pursue their course through the mountains, till they stopped at a place called Chartreuse, or Chartreux. Here angels built a house, and on the roof appeared the seven stars. The bishop was puzzled by the dream; but when he saw the seven travellers appear, and ask for his advice, he understood its meaning, and joyfully guided them himself through the mountains to the spot which God had shown him.

A chapel was erected; and in a short time arose the first monastery built of wood, consisting of a large cloister, with cells opening out into it, a refectory, chapter-room, and a hostelry for strangers. Each cell was divided into a study and kitchen, a bedroom with oratory, and a workroom. This served as a model for all future monasteries of the order. The bishop ensured his friends the undisturbed possession of the Valley of the Chartreuse by giving up all his rights to it, and inducing others to do the same.

St. Bruno himself did not enjoy his re-

treat long. In 1090 he was called to Italy by Pope Urban the Second, his former pupil at Rheims. He reluctantly obeyed the summons. At the loss of the shepherd the sheep dispersed, but they came back to their retreat within the year. Bruno himself never saw his beloved Chartreuse again—he died in a monastery which he had founded in Calabria.

Not fifty years after its foundation the first Chartreuse was destroyed by a terrible avalanche. The two chapels erected by St. Bruno were spared, and on their old foundations stand Notre Dame de Casalibus and the chapel of St. Bruno. When this calamity happened the question arose whether it would not be wiser to rebuild the monastery on a spot which was not exposed to such destruction, and Guigues, the head of the order at that time, resolved to build it in the place where it now stands, and to leave the two chapels on the old site, as places of pilgrimage. But other calamities were reserved for the new monastery. No less than eight fires at different times reduced it to ashes; and, except one part of the cloister and the clock-tower (which date from the fourteenth century), the church (which has been frequently restored), the mortuary-chapel, and the Chapelle St. Louis, little remains of the building that is older than the end of the seventeenth century, when the last fire took place, and when it was finally rebuilt.

Two beautiful carriage-roads lead from Grenoble to the Grande Chartreuse. The one by St. Laurent du Pont is usually taken to go there; the other, by the Sappey, for the return. The road from St. Laurent du Pont to the Chartreuse was made in 1854-56. Before that time there existed only a path for pedestrians and mules, which the monks themselves had made in the fifteenth century. From the village of St. Laurent du Pont, called in the old days St. Laurent du Désert, the road ascends through a magnificent gorge, and the Chartreuse is reached in about two hours. A little beyond St. Laurent is Fourvoirie, where the monks, since the fourteenth century, have had stables and warehouses, and where they now distil their liqueur. Here a fort, La Jarjatte, made in 1715, defended the entrance to the desert, but it was demolished in 1856. The road first follows for some time the left bank of the Guiers-Mort, then crosses the Pont St. Bruno, and passes along the right bank. Gigantic rocks, partly covered with a luxuriant vegetation, tower above it, while the torrent rushes and

foams in the chasm below, which grows deeper as the road ascends, till at last the eye plunges with a shudder into the wooded precipice. A huge, pointed rock — le pic de l'Aiguille — surmounted with a cross, rises between the road and the stream. Here also once existed a fort, l'OEillette, constructed by the monks in the fifteenth century to defend the road they had just made; but it was also demolished in 1856.

An occasional traveller, a cart loaded with timber from the mountains, alone disturb this grand solitude. Leaving the stream, the road continues through the forest, and finally reaches an open space, where the buildings of the Chartreuse appear in sight, at the foot of a range of mountains, the highest of which is the Grand Som.

Those who look for the picturesque in architecture, or for treasures of art, need not go to the Grande Chartreuse — let them turn to the Certosa of Pavia. But the historical associations of eight centuries cast their own halo round the spot. From this parent institution the Carthusian convents over the whole world have been governed, for the prior of the Grande Chartreuse is the *père général* — the head of the whole order.

On arrival, the gentlemen walk to the monastery, where they are received by one of the brothers and shown to their cells. These are in a building across the courtyard, and were formerly destined for the priors who came from the provinces to attend the general chapter; and the strangers have their meals in the refectories which were used by the same priors. The ladies go to a house a few steps to the left, which was once the infirmary, and are welcomed by a nun from the Convent of the Sœurs de la Providence, near Grenoble, who, with three lay sisters, spends the summer there to receive the female visitors. The small guests' rooms are much the same in both establishments, and are furnished in the simplest fashion, with a bed, chair, wash-hand stand, *prie-dieu*, crucifix, and one or two religious prints. The ladies have, however, the advantage of being able to replenish the scanty water-supply at the fountain before the infirmary, which, in the freshness of the early morning, in the midst of such surroundings, is peculiarly exhilarating.

It was a beautiful October evening when we arrived at the Grande Chartreuse. The tourist season was drawing to a close, and only five ladies sat down to supper at the long, hospitable table, while the male

visitors at the monastery numbered seven. Supper is prepared for all at the monastery; and it was excellent for those who do not mind the absence of meat, which the Carthusians never eat, and never serve to their guests. It consisted of soup, omelette, fish, beans, sweets, and a glass of Chartreuse at dessert. "The English ladies do not like our soup," said the kindly sister, diffidently handing a thick bread soup, and seemed pleased that for once it found favor.

The fathers do not allow their rest to be disturbed by the visitors, and as there was no opportunity of seeing the monastery in the evening, the gentlemen could find no better employment after supper than to visit their wives in the infirmary — for which permission is given, in one of the public rooms. One Frenchman, who had not the excuse of a wife, invented a cousinship for the occasion, and naturally claimed it, on arrival, with the youngest and prettiest. Thus a sociable, if not a monastic, evening was spent round the blazing fire till the hour of closing, nine o'clock, parted the company. The men are admitted to the night service in a gallery. Mass is said by the father-coadjutor for the nuns and lady visitors, soon after six o'clock A.M., in the small chapel of Notre Dame de la Salette, which adjoins the monastery. It is well known that no women, except royal personages, are shown over the monastery, and they have to content themselves with descriptions and photographs. Before the French Revolution no woman was allowed to enter even the precincts of the desert, and royal benefactresses implored in vain to be buried with the saints.

The Grande Chartreuse consists of a large mass of irregular buildings, which, as they are surrounded by a wall, can only be seen well from a height. The most interesting room in it is the chapter-room, which contains the portraits of all the heads of the order, beginning with St. Bruno, whose statue by Foyatier is over the chair where sits the *père général*. Many remarkable men from various countries have filled this place, and have steered the order through times of difficulty. Below the portraits are painted scenes from the life of St. Bruno, copied from the paintings of Lesueur, which are now in the Louvre. In the hall, called l'Allée des Cartes, there are curious representations of old Carthusian monasteries in various parts of Europe. Before the French Revolution the collection was almost a complete one, but there only re-

mains about thirty of these paintings now. The library contains some twenty thousand volumes, and has been entirely collected in modern times. The fathers may freely borrow from it. From the earliest times, even when very poor, the Carthusians have had a good library, and have valued books as their most precious possessions. The books are called in the early statutes "the perennial food of souls," and they were placed under the care of the father-sacristan, who had also the care of the sacred vessels.*

During the fire of 1371 the general of the order, mindful of the losses sustained on a former occasion, called out, "*Ad libros, ad libros*; leave everything else, my fathers, but save the books." Though they were saved this time, the library was almost completely destroyed by subsequent fires, and the valuable one collected by Dom Le Masson, after the fire of 1676, was scattered during the French Revolution. At this time also the archives of the monastery were for the most part lost. A few valuable manuscripts, with beautiful illuminations done by the Carthusians, found their way into the library at Grenoble, where they may now be seen in glass cases. In the old days the Carthusians employed themselves in transcribing manuscripts; and from transcribers they became printers as soon as printing was invented. They have had their own authors, but these wrote chiefly on monastic matters, and are little known to the world at large.

The cells of the fathers are built round the cloister. There are thirty-six of them, one of which is not tenanted, and is alone shown. They are divided, like the earliest cells, into various compartments. On each door is the initial letter of the inmate's name, and a text or other inscription in Latin bearing on the monastic life, such as "*Qui non reliquit omnia sua non potest esse discipulus tuus*." Near the door is a little wicket, through which the father receives his food or anything else he may want. On the ground floor he has a little *promenoir*, or gallery, for walking in bad weather; a small garden, which he cultivates himself; a room with tools for carpentering; and next to it, the *bûcher*, or storeroom for wood. A staircase leads to a bedroom, an adjoining small study with bookshelves, and a room which was once used as a kitchen when the father cooked part of his own food, a custom which was abolished as early as the thir-

teenth century on account of the time it wasted. In the room where he sleeps is a small dining-table, with wooden plate, spoon, and fork; and the oratory, where he performs the offices with the same ceremonial as in the choir — taking off and putting on the cowl, standing, kneeling, and lying flat on the ground. A bell calls the fathers simultaneously to their private devotions, as well as to those in the church.

In the staircase stands a cross, in remembrance of the following old legend told by a Carthusian writer of the fourteenth century. A novice of the order complained much of the rules, and especially of having to wear the black cope of the novitiate. One day he dreamt that he saw Christ, laden with a heavy cross, trying with much difficulty to go up the staircase of his cell; whereupon the novice, moved with pity, helped to lift the cross, saying: "Lord, take it not amiss if I try to assist thee; I cannot endure to see thee in such trouble." But the Lord turned indignantly towards him, and made him desist, saying: "Dost thou presume to lift this heavy burden while thou art not willing to wear for my sake so light a thing as a cope?" and disappeared, leaving the novice overwhelmed with shame and repentance. Since then every cell has had a cross near its staircase. In the Middle Ages the cells were foundations endowed by benevolent people, and in return prayers were said for their souls. Three times a day the fathers leave their cells to go to the offices — the night service, high mass, and vespers.

Once a week they take a walk together, called *spacient*, of about three hours and a half, within the limits of the desert, and during that time they may talk.

They are called together for their walk by the same bell that tolls for the funerals, and they assemble in the Chapelle des Morts, where they hear a few verses from the "Imitation" read to them before they start. This chapel was built over the remains of the first disciples of St. Bruno, which were brought thither after the avalanche. Over the door there is a marble bust of Death, draping itself in a most pretentious way. This chapel is near the cemetery, where stone crosses with inscriptions mark the graves of the heads of the order. The other tombs have merely wooden crosses over them, and are nameless. The Carthusians are not buried in coffins, but each monk is laid in the earth on a wooden plank.

On Sundays the fathers dine together

* La Grande Chartreuse, par un Chartreux, from which much of my information is taken.

in the refectory. They never speak there. Passages from the Scriptures, sermons or homilies, are chanted to them in Latin from a small tribune built in the wall, but they are allowed to have a colloquy between nones and vespers.

The discipline of the Carthusians is very rigorous, and the order, therefore, never spread much among women. There are very few female Carthusian convents, and in these it was found necessary to relax somewhat the rules of silence and solitude, as they were too great a strain on the female constitution.

St. Bruno, though he lived the Carthusian life, did not formulate the rules himself. It was not till twenty-six years after his death that they were put into writing by Guigues, the fifth prior, under the name of *consuetudines*, or customs. They were, in fact, simply a record of customs that were followed, and that are still followed to this day. These rules all tend consistently to one end. "Contemplation" (says a Carthusian writer), or, in other words, to see, to love, and to praise God, "is the final end of the human soul in a future life. . . . To begin here on earth in an imperfect manner, or in the least imperfect manner possible, the life of contemplation which will be led in heaven is the object which the Carthusians propose to themselves." The solitude is intended to detach them from distracting objects, and to enable them to concentrate themselves; the silence is to make them hear the voice of God, which is not in the storm; the mortifications and privations are to free their souls from everything that might clog them and interfere with the end in view.

The Carthusians are the only order who are never allowed meat under any circumstances. The punishment for those who infringed the rule was at one time very severe—they were cut off from the order—but it was afterwards mitigated. They have a great monastic fast, which lasts from the 14th of September to Easter; and during that time, with few exceptions, they only have one meal a day.

They are frequently interrupted in their sleep. The night service begins at twelve, and lasts till two, and they are waked again at six A.M., or sometimes at five A.M. The night services are very striking. But for the faint glimmer of a single oil-lamp in the choir, and the lanterns which the fathers each bring with them, and which are sometimes put out during the service, the church is wrapt in darkness. Each stall is completely isolated by

a partition. The Carthusians attach a special meaning to these services.

All the Carthusians agree [says one of them, quoted before] that this is their best moment. To sing the praises of God at the foot of the altar, in the silence and shadows of the night, when the world forgets God, and many offend Him, fills the soul with a joy and comfort which cannot be bought too dear, and the hours fly rapidly. The stranger from his gallery cannot form a clear idea of the office: not having a book in his hand, the meaning of the words escapes him, and the time must seem long to him. Not so with the Carthusian in his stall; he sings, and understands the mysterious meaning of the Psalms—that prophetic history of the Christian world, those divine hymns which, for thousands of years, the synagogue, and the Catholic Church after her, recite every day. He follows the numerous rites which have to be performed every moment; he seeks, finds, and applies to himself the Divine teaching that flows from the sacred text; and, finally, and above all, he addresses to God his homage, his praise, and his songs.

The singing of the Carthusians is of the utmost simplicity, and somewhat monotonous. They have no part-singing. They are not allowed any musical instruments, and it is considered waste of time to practise singing. The religious emotions excited through the senses by elaborate church music are wholly alien to their sober and simple piety. This is not the only link between the Carthusian and the Calvinist.

The dress of the fathers is entirely of white wool, white being a symbol of the resurrection of Christ. The use of linen is forbidden. Even their sheets are of cloth. The difficulty of cleanliness under these circumstances would be to many of us the greatest of all mortifications, and it is comforting to hear what an old writer of the seventeenth century says about it:—

C'est une chose générale par tout l'Ordre que Dieu n'a point voulu que les moines de cet Ordre soient affligés et inquiétés de ces puantes bestiales, appelées punaises, et en a exempté toutes leurs cellules, desquelles autrement et difficilement ils se pourraient garantir, pour y avoir grande disposition, à cause qu'ils couchent vestus, n'usent point de linge, changent peu souvent d'habits, ont leurs cellules faites de bois par dedans, leurs lits fermés de bois au lieu de courtines,* et le fouaire (la paille) de leur lit qu'ils sont si peu curieux de changer qu'il y en a qui ne le changent pas en vingt ans une fois.

The Carthusians are a living example

* They now have curtains.

of the fact that asceticism is not injurious to health, for they reach a great age. Some of the popes, from benevolent motives, have wished to soften their rules. Thus Urban the Fifth, himself a Benedictine, proposed to mitigate their severity in four points. He proposed, among other things, that they should be allowed to eat meat in case of illness or infirmity. But the Carthusians implored the pope not to oblige them to depart from their ancient customs, arguing that for *their* order it might have serious consequences; and the sole mitigation they were obliged to accept was to wear a hat out of doors.

One of the popes at Avignon also offered to relax the rule of abstinence from meat in case of illness. This time the Carthusians sent as a protest a deputation of twenty-seven of their number, the youngest of whom was eighty, while the others varied between ninety, ninety-three, and ninety-five. Such an appeal was more eloquent than words, and the pope was convinced. The fathers show their earnestness and good sense by not admitting any one into their order until they have very seriously tested his moral and physical fitness. Frequently after the trial the aspirant is refused, or retires of his own accord. Of all the ascetic orders, the Carthusian is the most spiritual in the true sense of the word, and to maintain their lofty standard, as they have indisputably done for eight centuries, they have had to sift carefully. To impose asceticism where it would be too great a strain on human nature is to degrade rather than to elevate. "It is better," says Dom le Masson, "to set fire to a cell than to put in it a Carthusian without a vocation."

Sometimes the fathers have gone so far as to err on the safe side. It is told of one of the greatest generals of the order, Dom Jean Pégon, that he was refused, when he first presented himself, on the ground that he seemed neither sufficiently robust nor instructed. But the father-general, touched by his disappointment, recommended him to try at another Chartreuse, where there was a want of men. He was accepted there, and thirty-eight years later he entered the Grande Chartreuse as its father-general. At his installation he preached on the text: "The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner."

The Carthusian vocation takes some by storm. There are various examples of it in the past, and we were told by a French lady on the spot of an instance in the present day: a young Prince de B—,

who had suddenly, without apparent reason, left his regiment, to the regret of all his comrades, and had made himself a Carthusian.

If the candidate is accepted at all, he goes through a month's probation, at the end of which the fathers vote by ballot whether he is to be admitted as a novice. The noviciate lasts at least a year, and again a ballot is taken. The novice then makes his first profession in the chapter-room. Kneeling, he repeats the sixteenth Psalm, and when he comes to the words, "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance," the father-general takes from him the black cope, and puts the large white Carthusian garment, called *cuculle* over him.

Four years later the final solemn profession is made, during high mass, at the foot of the altar, where the *profes* lays down his written declaration, "signed, not with his name, but with a cross, for he is now dead to the world."

Besides the fathers there are two categories of lay brothers: the *frères convers*, who have taken vows, and the *frères donnés*, who are only bound by a civil contract, though they may in course of time, after a trial of eleven years, become *frères convers*. The former are dressed in white, like the fathers; they wear beards, and have their heads shaved. The *donnés* wear brown on week-days and white on Sundays. These all do the practical work in and out of the house, and are responsible to the *père procureur*, who has charge of all temporal matters.

St. Hugh of Lincoln, of whom the Carthusians are justly proud, was once *procureur* of the Grande Chartreuse. In those days, and until the end of the seventeenth century, the *père procureur* lived with the *frères convers* in an establishment called La Correrie, on the road from the Grande Chartreuse to Grenoble by the Sappey—a kind of supplementary Chartreuse, where all the practical work was done, and where the servants of the priors who came to the general chapter received hospitality. It was destroyed by a fire in 1674, and partly rebuilt. During the French Revolution it fell into ruins, and the Carthusians have since turned it into a hospital for the sick poor of the neighborhood.

The Carthusians, owing to their own exertions, once had large possessions. They turned part of the desert into arable, and part of it into pasture land, and they kept large flocks and herds. Pope Innocent the Fourth allowed them as many as

sixty cows. Their iron-foundries were famous throughout Dauphiné on account of the excellent work they produced. They manufactured their own cloth, they had their own printing-presses.

During the French Revolution they were, like all the other orders, driven away, their property was confiscated, and though they were allowed to re-enter their monastery at the Restoration, they own the desert no longer, but pay a small rent to the State. It is said they make a large income from their liqueur; and this they put put to the best use, for their charity is proverbial throughout the country, though by no means of the mischievous kind—that is, indiscriminate.

They have founded schools, churches, hospitals. Wherever there is a disaster in Dauphiné they assist liberally. At Currière, above the Pont St. Bruno, they have a school for the deaf and dumb, and, inconsistent as it may seem, they are teaching the dumb to speak.

It would be impossible, in a short space, to go through all the remarkable names connected with the Grande Chartreuse. St. Bernard was one of its earliest visitors, in the days of the first monastery. Petrarch, whose brother Gerard was a Carthusian, visited him there in 1352, and afterwards wrote that, instead of finding only one brother, as he expected, he had met one in every member of the community. Dom Gerard Petrarca distinguished himself by his piety and devotion during the black death, to which no less than nine hundred Carthusians fell victims. Richelieu's eldest brother, who became cardinal and great almoner of France, once filled the office of assistant sacristan; he remained twenty years in the order, and always regretted his cell. His portrait, which hangs in one of the passages, strikes the visitors by its likeness to the great cardinal, Rousseau and Chateaubriand both visited the Grande Chartreuse. Unfortunately, the Visitors' Book, in which Rousseau wrote "*J'ai trouvé ici des plantes rares, et des vertus plus rares encore*," has been defaced by the modern tourist with profane remarks, and is now no longer presented, and the guests are asked for their cards instead.

It has sometimes been made a reproach to the Carthusians that, unlike other orders, such as the Benedictine, they have exercised no influence over the intellectual world; but if they have not educated mankind, they have at least educated themselves. They have practised the gospel of silence for eight hundred years,

and, according to all ecclesiastical historians, they have always led irreproachable lives. Their order has never required reform. "*Cartusia nunquam reformata quia nunquam deformata.*" In this matter-of-fact century, with its universal craving for material prosperity, its refinement of material comforts and luxury, where the spiritual life too often stagnates, it is refreshing to breathe, if but for a few hours, that rarefied spiritual atmosphere where the ideal alone is real, and where all Christian creeds may meet.

ELISABETH LECKY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MADELEINE'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.

THE ADMIRAL.

ONE rainy afternoon several weeks after the night when we got our first glimpse into the yawning pit of Colwyn (Gladys was from home; she had gone to spend a day or two with the friends at Rhoscolyn and I, in a fit of shyness, had elected to stay behind), it occurred to me that I might find somewhere amongst the rooms in the higher roof one that would suit me for a snugger, with a light good for drawing; for I was just then beginning to make studies of flowers and still life, and had found that Gladys disliked an excess of litter in the room we shared as a sitting-room. A heavy door shut off the staircase leading to these rooms—the servants' part of the house lay there, and we had never cared to investigate in its direction. But that day I pushed my way in and up to the top of the house, where I came upon an attic that seemed the very thing I wanted. Then there passed pleasantly away two or three hours of the wet afternoon, during which I made a space in the middle of my garret, shoving litter away into corners (the litter consisted of torn books, broken toys, papers, and boxes). I improvised an easel out of box-lids, and stilts, and garden tools; and when I had done, finding it was too dark to draw, I made a plunge amongst the litter, and began to turn it over. The first book I drew from a heap was an old Latin grammar, dog's-eared, and with half the leaves torn out; inside the cover there was written in a large, round hand, "*Llewellyn Colwyn*," and under the name a date. The date was a wrong one, it struck me, for Uncle Llewellyn could not have been

born until ten years after the time mentioned. Well, all the same, this book belonged to him. I turned the leaves over with a sad sort of interest, and I think I must have sighed. I am not sure, but I know that I heard two sighs, one close to me, and one behind me in the doorway. Without looking I knew who was there, and I got up to meet my grandmother. She came in running, with her hands stretched out towards me — little thin, white hands, almost covered by the ruffles of her black dress. She wore the head-dress and dark band I had seen her in before, and I noticed slippers and white stockings showing under her skirts. She drew a little shawl crookedly over her shoulders, and sitting down on a box, motioned me to do the same. The old Latin grammar lay in my lap as I sat beside her, and she saw it, took it from me, turned to the name in the cover, and then threw it with all her force into a corner of the attic, and looked at me and laughed.

"We mustn't show that to him," she said, "it would remind him of the old days, so I throw it quite away, you see, because he is coming back to-morrow."

"Coming back?" I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes," she answered; "he sent to tell me. If only our beautiful Antoinette had been at home to welcome him! He won't recognize you, my dear, I am afraid."

"Who, grandmother?" I asked. Then she gave me a long, puzzled stare, and it seemed to me as if years of recollection must be wandering through her brain.

"The admiral," she explained at last; "Admiral Colwyn. Didn't you know that he was made an admiral? So you see," she added, chuckling in her laughter, "it's time to throw the Latin grammar away."

I found that my attic, as I had already begun to call it in my thoughts, was one of grandmother's suite of rooms. She took me into one after another that evening in the twilight. I never saw any of them again, for though grandmother often haunted Gladys and me after that in other parts of the house, she gave us no encouragement to visit her where she lived. The vision of her rooms flickers before me as I try to recall it. I cannot recall it; places only seen once do not form pictures in the mind, and then the strange things she said to me, the puzzle I felt about what was real to her (everything that seemed to be real to her was unreal to me), kept me busy crossing and recrossing the border line between us all the time we were together. The rooms opened one

into another, and extended over half the house. Thatched eaves projected a long way, the windows were close under the eaves, little frames to exquisite views of hills in the distance and dark sky; swallows were darting inside the eaves to their nests. I remember these things, the outside setting of the shadows. At the end of our travel we came to a closed door, which grandmother did not attempt to open. I found afterwards that it was the door of Eleanor's room.

I have never been able to understand the world that grandmother lives in, but I know a little of the history of it, and how she got there. She was expecting the admiral when she came to me in my attic. Who was the admiral? Gladys pointed out to me in the church a small white tablet amongst the family monuments, which bore the following record: "To the memory of Llewellyn, only child of Llewellyn and Gabrielle Colwyn, aged 10 years," and then came the date. I thought of the Latin grammar I had seen in the attic, whose inscription tallied with the time when such a Llewellyn Colwyn might have lived. There had been two Llewellyns then — Gabrielle's and Antoinette's! By degrees I fitted the pieces of the four histories together. Our grandmother was the daughter of a Frenchman and a Welsh lady, both well born (this fact was instilled into me in every conversation I ever held with our grandmother). She had been left an orphan early, and sent to the house of a relation of her mother's to be brought up. This lady kept a school in a town of Montgomeryshire, and there Gabrielle lived. When she was sixteen she had been married to her cousin, our grandfather, Llewellyn Colwyn, a man double her own age. What a curious shut-up life she must have had coming straight from school to this out-of-the-way place, where everything had gone on just the same for generation after generation of Colwyns, an old family wearing itself out by intermarriages and continual lapses into vice! Of course she had never loved her husband — was it likely? — though he had been a handsome enough man in his youth, I could well believe. Perhaps she had never loved any one very much until her little boy was born, and then what an unfolding must have come to her of the joy that life holds for some people! I can fancy that "the mother of a little baby" was just the whole expression of the young girl Gabrielle. She had no other child for as long as the first Llewellyn lived, and that was ten years.

I wish I had a clearer notion of what the first Llewellyn was like. I have two pictures of him in my mind, drawn from talks with our grandmother. One is of a bright, impetuous little child flashing in and out amongst the trees and flowers of the sweet place — Colwyn had been sweet and orderly in Gabrielle's young days, — a child loving his child-mother with pretty clinging ways. "Mammy's little sweet-heart" was his pet name for himself. How often grandmother has told me that in drawing the baby-portraiture! In her most reasonable moods she recurs to him then; she even admits when she speaks thus that the young life may have been taken up higher — that her boy did slip through the seen into the unseen during a storm which wrecked a little vessel off the Isle of Man some forty years ago. The second picture I have is of a delicate-looking lad, a schoolboy, but a mere child still (he had been taken away from her, so young Gabrielle complained, to be sent to school, and he hated leaving her) — a little lad clinging to his mother's knees one miserable afternoon, with his face buried in her lap, sobbing out his story to her; soiled and tired with a journey taken on foot, all alone — taken in fear of perils of many kinds, which he was explaining to her, telling her why he had run away and come to her for refuge — why he was obliged to come, why there was nothing else that he could do when — they forced him away from her. "Who, grandmother?" I asked, when she drew this picture for me; and I know my face must have shown the indignation that I felt, because for the only time during our intercourse my grandmother kissed me. Little Llewellyn was sent back to school without being allowed to see his mother again. He had not remained there; either in strength or in weakness he took his life into his own hands a second time and ran off, but not again to his home, and it was that which broke his mother's heart and blurred her whole life. Her boy had wanted her and had not come to her. Her grief rose up continually against this fact, which stood out like a rock that waves break upon, and cannot wash away or hide. The child — he was only ten years old when all this happened — managed to get taken on board a little vessel at Carnarvon, which had been wrecked almost immediately after he joined her. The whole story was too sad a one for there to have been any record of it put upon the stone in the parish church — "Sacred to the memory of Llewellyn." The memory must be a

dreadful one to the father too, we thought, Gladys and I, whenever we looked at the tablet on Sundays. Hot Sunday afternoons, when the light and heat came in at the open church door whilst the service was being wound up by the singing of the evening hymn, exactly as it used to be, no doubt, when the little drowned Llewellyn sat in his place in the family pew, and afterwards when the second Llewellyn sat there. The Colwyns will come to an end when grandfather dies, I often say to myself, and I am glad of it.

It was during the few months that intervened between the loss of her little boy and the birth of the twins that grandmother's fancies began to show. She made up odd stories, Eleanor said. Grandmother herself thought that she then began to hear voices, to see visions, to receive messages, and to find out strange facts. I suppose both she and Eleanor were partly right. Then she was made a mother agaid — most miserable instead of most happy — and could not bear the touch of baby-fingers upon her breasts. This was the crisis of her illness. She came out of it into a different life — into two lives, I should say — which crossed one another.

The little white flag floating from grandmother's window-sill was a sign of the tipmost point of her madness. It seemed as if some fiend caught her up then and put her upon a pinnacle, just for the pleasure of throwing her down. It was her happiest, freest, most reckless mood, when she believed that her little drowned boy had never been drowned at all, but had grown up and won his way in the world, and was coming home to his mother. She heard the wind in the sails of his ship, a messenger had come to tell her of the day and hour of his arrival. She could almost persuade me of the truth of her story sometimes, it seemed so clear and sure to her. But the hour and the day passed, and grandmother climbed up to her attic rooms, and at night I used to fancy I heard the storm at sea, and the gurgling sound that water makes when it closes over something it takes for itself.

"You seem much better than you are, my dear," grandmother said to me once. I was drawing the outline of a yellow lily in the summer-house, and grandmother had sauntered in. Gladys was entertaining friends indoors that afternoon, and I had been listening vaguely to the sound of their talk, undecided whether I would join them or stay at my work. Gladys

was too fond of having people about, I thought. It interrupted everything — why should I go? Besides, nobody wanted me; I should not be missed. When next I looked up at the lily, after grandmother's speech, I saw that a large beetle had crept from the inside of the flower on to one of the petals. In my disgust and haste to get rid of the creature, I threw over the flower-vase and soaked my drawing. Grandmother was delighted at the little misadventure, and laughed the hard, false laugh that always irritated Gladys. It had never jarred upon me so much as it did just then.

"Now perhaps you will go and pour out tea for your sister," my grandmother said. "I saw a picture of your heart this morning, Madeleine, and there was a black devil inside it." Was it true? Yes, it was true. I had been envying Gladys's beauty, not that morning only, alas! — but that grandmother should have known about it! How could she know?

It was good for grandmother having us at Colwyn, I soon found out. Her thoughts were occupied with us, she could talk freely to us, which relieved her so that her bad fits were less frequent; to me I should say she talked, for though grandmother worshipped Gladys, Gladys could not bear her presence.

There was an old-fashioned cottage barometer in the entrance hall, with a quaint figure of a woman that went in or came out with change for rain and fair weather. I found our grandmother studying it one day; the little figure had just gone into the house and the door was shut. "So we may expect rain," I said, as I joined her. Then she looked up at me with the wistful, helpless look that I had got to know as a sort of bridge between her moods. "Shut up alone," she said, "in a little house," and then she clenched her hands, and wandered away from me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief,
And tedious in the barren dusk.

My life is like a broken bowl,
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul,
Or cordial in the searching cold.

CHAPTER VI.

BEAUTIFUL GLADYS.

IN thought I draw a circle round Gladys's most beautiful day. It was the day on which we were told that we were

to leave our old home. Looking at her that morning, I saw drawn together in her the beauty of her childhood, the charm she inherited from mother, and the breaking open of her own ripeness — a full-blown June rose, with morning dew upon the petals. It was her birthday, and she had been in the garden before I came down to breakfast, standing at the gate, my favorite dreaming place, which led from the garden into the meadow; some one had met her there, she told me afterwards.

When we were quite little things, all three of us together, there was one household in our neighborhood which gave us a good deal of food for gossip.

Mr. Treherne was an invalided master from one of the Yorkshire grammar schools, who had established himself in a farmhouse about a mile from our village, near one of the highroads along which we oftenest took our walks. There was a Mrs. Treherne, and a grown-up Miss Treherne; but these members of the family did not excite our curiosity. Mr. Treherne had pupils, young men and boys. Why anybody should have sent their sons to such an out-of-the-way place to be taught, I don't know. Perhaps Mr. Treherne was a very learned man, or perhaps he charged little for teaching. His household attended our church on Sundays. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Treherne sat in a pew by themselves, four or five slim boys in the next behind. Certainly we missed these last very much at holiday times. I recall the flat look the church had to me when, after kneeling before the service, I raised my eyes and saw the pew empty behind Mr. and Mrs. Treherne. Gladys was never taken aback as I used to be, having calculated beforehand when the first Sunday of the holidays would occur. "You silly," she used to whisper when she noticed my blank face. "Why, of course."

The ages of Mr. Treherne's pupils ranged from twelve to fifteen. When I was about eleven years old — how funny it is to look back upon this! — I came out of church one Sunday a quite different person from the one I had been when we went in. "I say, Madeleine," Gladys began saying to me on our way through the churchyard, "hasn't the new boy got a beautiful face? Don't you wonder what his name is?" At first her voice came to me like some one talking in a dream; but when I understood what she said, I felt my face become covered with blushes, and I didn't know which way to look. For

some time after, in talking to one another, we called Mr. Treherne's new pupil "the boy with a beautiful face;" but Gladys never rested until she found out his name. We both thought a great deal about him. I was in love with him; Gladys said she had taken a fancy to him. That was a poor sort of feeling for any one to have for my hero, it seemed to me. I never wanted to find out his name.

"God made thee good as thou art beautiful," Said Arthur when he dubbed him knight, and none

In so young youth was ever made a knight Till Galahad.

That was how I spoke of him to myself.

"O Galahad! and O Galahad!" "the bright boy-knight!" — and one day I felt myself changed into the wan sweet maiden who wove her wealth of hair into a sword belt, and bound it on him, and said that one should crown him king far in the spiritual city, for I had been reading Tennyson's "Holy Grail," and fancied I understood snatches of it here and there. The spiritual city was no doubt what we read of in the Revelation, only *this* Galahad's kingdom would not be a religious place, but a city of knights and ladies, and tournaments and love. For a whole term, I think, Sir Galahad was never out of my mind for a minute; but before the summer holidays we got to know him at a tennis-party. The tennis-party was at our own place — mother gave two or three parties in July every year.

And one there was among us ever moved in white,

I murmured to myself, and then I looked out on the lawn from our bedroom window on the afternoon of our party day just before Gladys and I ran down to take our places beside mother. I saw Mrs. and Miss Treherne in the garden and three pupils. They *all* wore white flannels, all three boys, it wasn't only Sir Galahad who was in white.

"Gladys," I said, stooping to tie a shoestring, and hide my red cheeks, "can you believe that we shall really speak to Sir Galahad this very afternoon?"

"Trelawny's his name, Jim Trelawny, if you mean *him*," Gladys answered crossly.

We were really too young then to take part in the tennis; but visitors generally made a great deal of us to please our mother. So it happened that Gladys played in one game; Trelawny was her partner. As for me, I never once spoke to Sir Galahad, but I was near him many times, and I heard some of his talk with

Gladys and with Miss Treherne, and with the other boys. I don't even now quite know how it was that I began to feel so cold in my heart. Thoughts are things I found out then from the way that little cupid of my brain shivered in dying through the hours of our tennis-party. He was dead before all our guests had left us, his little limbs stretched out, lying quite still, beautiful even then to look at, but too sad, so I covered him over, and my mind was left a blank calm. Did I create that joy and sorrow for myself, or had I been nourishing through the summer months one of the living love seeds that make the world, changing from form to form? Any way, Trelawny belonged to Gladys, and there wasn't any Sir Galahad.

We saw a good deal of Trelawny after that for about a year, and then he went away, only coming now and then for short visits to the Trehernes, who were relations of his.

"Oh! I say, Madeleine," Gladys called out, stretching and turning herself from side to side on one of the bed-like sofas in the drawing-room at Colwyn — "weren't we two sillies! Do you remember what we used to call him? 'The boy with a beautiful face.' Oh dear, he is *such* a boy, so *silly*!"

"Are you talking about Mr. Trelawny, Gladys?" I asked, going on with a sketch I was trying to get by looking out of the window on a wet October afternoon. Gladys kicked with impatience. "You always were mad, you child!" she screamed at me. "Can't you put down that thing for a minute and listen? He's so *silly*, and I don't know what to say. Oh!" I came from the window then, and sat down by Gladys on a footstool, facing her. I saw that she had an open letter in her hand, which she was flapping up and down. "May I look, dear?" I asked. Could that letter contain Gladys's first offer of marriage? The suggestion made my heart leap, and the color came into my face, but Gladys was only just as rosy as usual, and she looked more annoyed than anything else.

"Yes, you may read it, but you won't understand that by itself," she said, and then she pulled a letter out of her pocket in a torn envelope, and gave me that as well. "Read that one first," Gladys said. Then she drew a cushion from under her head, and crushed it over her face, and didn't turn about or kick any more until I had finished reading letter No. 1.

"But oh, Gladys dear!" I exclaimed when I came to the concluding words—'Whatever answer you may send me, I shall never be able to give up loving you'—Gladys, why did you never tell me before? What a lovely letter!"

"Lovely!" Gladys cried out, pulling the cushion down from her face. "Well, that one doesn't matter so much—read the other;" and so saying, she pulled the cushion up again over her face. From letter No. 2 I saw what Gladys's answer to No. 1 had been. I cried over letter No. 2, actually came to a little sob at the end. "Madeleine, what a flat you are!" Gladys was staring at me. "What *is* there to cry about? He's a donkey, that's all."

"Then what are you going to do now? You won't let him come at Christmas, if you mean to go on saying no?" I asked.

"It was all very well when we were kids," Gladys said. "He was quite grown up to us. But, oh dear me! he's such a boy to me now."

"I think he writes just like a man," I answered, "and he does not expect you to marry him yet."

"Marry—why, he's at college, child! Now, Madeleine, it's just this," said Gladys, sitting up on the sofa, "I can't love a boy."

"He loves you tremendously Gladys."

"No, he doesn't; bless you, child, they all talk like that!" Gladys was an old hand at this sort of thing then, and there wasn't any romantic history going on; no first love dream suddenly becoming real, nothing startling and beautiful and new.

This was the second autumn of our stay at Colwyn and Gladys had been away on visits. She had paid visits at intervals more or less during all the time since we left our old home,—some to friends of our early days, and some to the new friends she had made in Montgomeryshire. For the whole of July, August, and September of this, our second year, she had been away. I remembered suddenly, during the little silence that followed Gladys's remark, that I had said to myself on her return from the last visit, "Gladys is not exactly the June rose now, not the rose opened in the morning with dew upon it." Best days do not stay with us longer than any others. Every February we have our day of spring *promise*, and by and by the day of spring *come*, and after that beauty strides over the year. It is so with the beauty of women; yet it was during the talk we had that afternoon of the letter that I began to realize what the beauty of a woman really means. I had always envied

Gladys on account of her great beauty, and had often thought, in a dreamy sort of way, about its being a key that would open all hearts to her. That day I understood that for a woman the possession of beauty is the key to life itself. However many years may roll over my head, I shall never know man-nature as Gladys knew it before she was seventeen. That sounds as if I thought that to know men was the whole of life. Well, if one goes through the world knowing only one-half of human nature, one cannot be said to have lived fully. Most women, married and unmarried, know one or two men perfectly of course; but unless a woman is beautiful, she cannot have the chance of knowing many or various kinds. Only those who are attracted to her by affinity of mind or character come very near, into her sphere; whereas, Gladys had the opportunity of knowing all sorts of men—stupid and clever, young and old, idle or busy. No traveller through life passing her way was unwilling to stop before the sign of a beautiful face, and once there, at the Maiden's Hostel, the frank spirit of the girl made all feel themselves welcome; then encumbering conventionalities were soon thrown off, and rest and refreshment gained through easy comradeship.

"Oh, he was *awfully* nice, Madeleine! you can't think how kind he was. He always knows exactly what to say, just the sort of thing to do you good. Look here, I'll show you a letter I got from So-and-so. Isn't it a jolly one? I'm certain he's good. You should hear how he talks about his mother; says he'll never marry till he finds a girl like her. He meant *I* was like her, you know."

Gladys talked away of one and another to me when I began to question her. She had lived half-a-dozen lives whilst I had been sticking at Colwyn.

Trelawny was not the first of her friends who had offered his love to Gladys. I took it into my head that he was the best of them, and loved her best; but Gladys wouldn't allow that. After we had talked for a long time, I began to unravel the threads that had become wound round Gladys's life; but it was only during the last five minutes of the time that a ray shot through the web, and showed me the single pale clue that reached from the circumference to her heart. The last of the letters she let me read—she gave it to me rather as an afterthought—had a different ring about it from the rest. It wasn't the letter of a lover, I fancied, and it wasn't the letter of a boy. It was less

intimate than any of the other letters I had seen; I should have said there wasn't a scrap of feeling in it. It was written to acknowledge the return of some books Gladys had sent back, and it ended with a short leave-taking.

"What did you keep that letter for, Gladys?" I asked; "there's nothing particular in it. Who is Gilbert Rennie?"

"Mad! I told you lots about him the summer before last. He comes down every year with men from Cambridge—reading parties, you know. He's frightfully clever and learned, and he knows the Rhoscolyn people. *You* would like him, Madeleine; he would just suit you. He writes poetry and that sort of thing."

"Do *you* like him, Gladys?"

"Oh! it's no good my liking him. I'm not clever enough or good enough for him, dear."

I had never heard Gladys's voice soft and gentle like that before. I didn't know what to say, and when I had thought of something it didn't matter. It was only a thin, pale clue that Gladys had laid hold of, and the light showed it for a moment only.

"What *am* I to say to Trelawny, *silly* boy?" Gladys cried out, stretching and turning herself round in the sofa again; and I couldn't think of anything to say about that either.

October was a wet month to the end, and as dull as dull could be. One talks about leaden hours; it really seemed as if each hour had swallowed a lump of lead before it came to us. Day after day there was no change. Every night Gladys said she should die if something didn't happen during the next twenty-four hours. November came in differently. It began with a biting frost. Gladys always had chilblains in a frost, and chilblains made her cross. Mr. Colwyn had an attack of gout; his hours of drinking were obliged to be curtailed; he was more irritable than ever, and his tyranny overspread the house. He and Gladys fought pretty well all day. It was tiresome, and I had to stay upstairs to get out of the way. I sat in our cold bedroom, or wandered about the passages. Grandmother didn't care to have me with her. It was unsettled and wretched. I found out that money was one bone of contention between our grandfather and Gladys. During the time we stayed at our old home, after mother's death, there always seemed to be money enough to pay for our clothes. Mother had been used to dress us well, and Gladys

carried on her plans for both of us, chose all our things, and the bills, I suppose, got paid somehow. But since we had come to our grandfather's, there was never enough money to pay for dresses for us both. That was one reason why I stayed at home so much, and why Gladys went out. Gladys had the new clothes and I wore her old ones.

I shall never forget the cold of one of those November days. It had snowed the night before. The country all round us was white, and the sky was covered with clouds; the house was full of a death-like coldness. We had only one fire in the morning, and that was in the dining-room; there was stinginess about coals that winter at Colwyn, stinginess about everything. Mr. Colwyn and I had the dining-room to ourselves from breakfast till luncheon-time, for Gladys hadn't been able to make up her mind to get out of bed. It was rather a good thing, I thought; the house was quiet, at any rate. Ah, it *was* quiet! Mr. Colwyn fell asleep in his armchair by the fire. He was wrapped in a large plaid, I remember. It was pulled up all round his head and reached down to his feet. I wanted a book that I had been reading, but could not make up my mind to open the door and go to fetch it. It would have been such a pity to wake him up. How odd it was to have those two foes, Gladys and grandfather, quite a whole morning, kept still and away from each other by the powerful giant, cold, like two brawling streams frozen into silence.

I sat by the fire on the side "opposite Mr. Colwyn, thinking, with my feet on the fender, putting on a coal or two now and then stealthily. Even the footsteps of the clumsy servant-girl bringing in the luncheon did not waken grandfather. I would not let her quite shut the door when she had finished for fear of disturbing him; everything on the table was cold, so it did not matter how long the meal was left. Mr. Colwyn slept on. At last I crept on tiptoe to the table and helped myself to what I wanted. I sat with my back to the door. When I had done eating, I slipped my chair back, and was just going to resettle myself by the fire, when I bethought me that Gladys would be hungry, and I began to look about for something I could take up easily to her. If I had already touched anything on the table, I should have thought I had clashed some utensils and made a sudden noise; but it wasn't a noise that awoke Mr. Colwyn, who sprang up suddenly from his chair, looking straight at the door behind

me. The door had been closed but not shut. It was wide open then, and Gladys stood in the doorway. She had come so quietly down-stairs that I had never heard her; she had no shoes on, it being a fancy of Gladys's that she could not wear shoes when her chilblains were particularly bad.

As I had finished my luncheon and foresaw that the charmed silence was about to be broken, I took the opportunity of going up-stairs to fetch my book.

Somehow I felt as if the house and all of us in it were in a kind of imprisonment that day. Silence and icy chillness were in every room, and beyond, through the windows, a landscape of untrodden snow. Going about, partly to look for my book and partly in an aimless way, yet absorbing the actuality of the time, I came to the foot of the attic staircase, and as I lingered a moment there I heard from above a thin, sharp sound. It was a voice high-pitched, grandmother's voice uttering a miserable complaint. The door of the staircase stood open and there was no one about, so I went up, following the sound to the door of grandmother's bedroom; even there I could not hear what she said. I don't think she was saying anything, she was just fretting and giving out sharp little cries. Whilst I hesitated whether to knock or open the door, Eleanor came up the stairs carrying something on a tray, and pushing by me, she went into the room. The door remained open for a moment whilst she set her tray on the table, and I saw inside. There was a figure in bed, lying under an untidy heap of shawls and scrappy coverings. There was no fire in the grate, the blinds were down. Eleanor faced me as she came forward to shut the door. "Grandmother hasn't got any fire," I said. "Isn't she cold? is she ill?" "She's warm enough in bed," Eleanor answered, "without a fire, and she's best where she is." Then she shut the door in my face. It seemed to grow suddenly dark after that and the wind rose.

Snow began to fall, or rather it was swept round the house in slanting sheets; the day's silence was over, and now it was a howling tempest that shut us in. I thought about Sintram raising the storm at sea that kept Folko and Gabrielle prisoners in the wicked castle of Bjorn. Grandfather might have been old Bjorn. I made up my mind at last that I would go and see how the storm was affecting him and Gladys. Before I got down-stairs I heard the dining-room door open and shut, and grandfather go into his den at

the other side of the house. Gladys was kneeling in front of one of the window-seats when I went into the dining-room; she was writing, using the last ray of daylight that could be got. She did not hear me, or at least she made no sign, so I took my seat of the morning at the fireside. The grate was strewn with cinders and dust. I could tell by the way Gladys sat, and the motions she made in writing, that she was very angry; the storm-spirit had been stirring inside the house before it went out into the world; the day was worse at the end than it had been at the beginning. I couldn't think how Gladys saw to finish her letter; she brought it with her when she came and stood opposite to me, and she placed it on the chimney-piece, fastened and directed.

Her back was to the window; she cast her eyes down after her last look at the letter, her hands were clasped, hanging low in front of her.

"Gladys, where's grandfather gone?" I asked; "what is he doing?"

"Drinking, the beast!" Gladys burst out, throwing back her head. "Madeleine, he's a drunken beast, he's a devil, and he's a cheat, — and that's why we're so poor now."

"But, Gladys," I said, "he hasn't got any money of ours. What do you call him a cheat for? he can't cheat us."

"You never know about anything, Madeleine. Don't you suppose it's our own money he gives us for our clothes and things? Well, look here. I *must* have something decent to wear — now, directly. I want furs this winter, *now*."

"Your jacket's wadded and trimmed with fur; isn't that warm enough?"

"Warm enough! *that* thing; why, it's two years old. Do you think I'm going to stay at Rhoscolyn looking such a guy as that!"

"You said you weren't going to Rhoscolyn again before Christmas."

"Well, I shan't go now, that's certain. I can't go out at all. He may drive himself next time he wants to go to the Junction. I shan't go to church any more."

"Why not?"

"Why? How can I go without any clothes to wear?"

It wasn't any use arguing. We sat one on each side of the fireplace for a long time, silent.

"Why don't we get something to do?"

I said at last, and reached my hand up for the match-box. When I had struck a light I saw that Gladys was crying.

For three days we were really almost

prisoners. The snow lay round us in deep drifts. No post came, neither could we send any letters away. Gladys's letter remained on the chimney-piece, showing conspicuously where she had placed it. It was directed to Mrs. Richards, a young married woman in Welshpool. Mrs. Richards was an American—go-ahead, and extremely pretty. The husband was English, a banker, and rich. Gladys said they were jolly people to stay with. She used to call Mrs. Richards "Birdie Richards," and they were very intimate.

On the fourth morning after the storm a thaw came, a sudden and complete thaw; sparkling sunshine, trees dripping, the sound of running water everywhere. I felt quite exhilarated with happiness. Gladys ran out after breakfast to see if the postman was coming, and to give him her letter. I was standing in the hall at the foot of the stairs, watching her in the doorway, thinking how pretty she looked going out bareheaded, when something fell over the banisters from an upper landing at my feet,—a bit of folded notepaper or an envelope. I stooped and picked it up. It was an envelope, and there was written on it in pencil, "To Madeleine." I opened the note, and found inside a scrap of paper. "Antoinette in danger, save her," was scrawled over the paper in large letters. Of course I knew where the message came from, and who was meant by Antoinette; but where the danger lay, or how I was to save Gladys, I could not imagine. It vexed me; it was so *very* silly of grandmother, I said to myself.

Nothing happened between that morning and the day after Christmas day. It hadn't seemed at all like Christmas day that year. Gladys kept her resolution about not going to church; she wouldn't go even on Christmas morning, and I had not liked to think what day it was. I found Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story," and read all day between meal-times. Gladys trimmed hats and furbished up some evening dresses. The next day—Saturday—I ran down-stairs rather late to breakfast, feeling particularly glad that Christmas was over. Gladys met me just outside the breakfast-room, and drew me round and took me up-stairs again with her—because, she said, she wanted to be alone with me whilst she told me something. But she hadn't anything particular to say when we were alone in our room; only that Mrs. Richards had written begging her to go at once to Welshpool for her visit of ten days which had been promised some time since. The Rich-

ards's carriage was coming over all the way from Welshpool to make the journey easy for her, and to spare her the railway. It was the kind of thing that was always happening to Gladys. I said I was very glad she was going to have the pleasure, and I helped her to pack until the time came when the carriage was due. We kissed each other on the doorstep as we said good-bye. Then Gladys drove off nestled in the corner of the carriage, covered up with rugs and a hot-water bottle at her feet. I knew she was going to be happy, well cared for, and gay for ten days at any rate, with friends she was fond of, and who enjoyed making much of her.

We were having a lovely season for winter,—light frosts at night, and in the day there were bright drops over all the branches of the trees—little worlds of light and gladness. I determined that I would take some long walks, and spend my ten days in communing with nature. In the evenings I thought I would make studies of the pretty things I should collect out of doors. There was a pleasant little programme before us both. I clasped my hands above my head with an impulse of hope as I went back into the house, and made up my mind that grandfather should not trouble me, and that I would not think about anything disagreeable. There must have been four or five days during which I floated on this elastic sea, and then a change came. When I was getting into bed one night I found a scrap of paper doubled under my pillow, and "Antoinette in danger, save her," scrawled just as before. There was another note on my dressing-table the next morning, the same thing amongst my clothes in the drawers—on shelves and along window-seats down-stairs, between the leaves of books. There was a rain of the missives; I could not get away from them for three days. Grandmother, it appeared, would not be shut out from my ideal world. Well, she knew the way into the upper strata as well as I did—could trim her dreamship, dress it with rag flags and pennons, and scud about amongst the clouds in her own fashion; grandmother was up there dreaming hard. "Antoinette in danger!"—what could it mean? Nothing—absolutely nothing. I squashed the silly little notes, tore them, and twisted them, and burned them. All the same I couldn't sail in my dreamship any longer. And one day I got a letter by the hand of a messenger—a real sane letter; no, a more unreal, a more insane letter than any of grandmother's.

It came from the Junction, our nearest railway station, and was written by Gladys to me.

"Oh, Madeleine!" it began, "try not to hate me. You mustn't think badly of me. Don't give up loving me, Madeleine dear; I've been a beast to you. I tried to tell you before I came away, but I wasn't quite sure then about anything, and now it's too late. I've got married. You know I can't live at grandfather's any longer, it's so horrid, — so Birdie planned it. She's been awfully good to me. Mr. Richards farked it all, so Birdie managed it; and he's awfully nice. I'm sure it's a good thing. But I can't go away without saying good-bye to you. I *won't* see grandfather, and I won't come to Colwyn. You must come on now at once to the Junction. I'm sending Birdie's carriage for you; it will bring you here now, and you needn't tell anybody. He's writing to grandfather, — Lorry, Lawrence Mellor. You know what kind letters he used to write to me from Chicago. Oh! he *is* good, Madeleine. Come quick, child. Ever so much love from your affectionate sister,

GLADYS.

"You remember all about him. He's a cousin of Birdie's, — a sort of cousin. He's simply awfully good-looking."

Then I was whirled away — I this time in Birdie's carriage — about midday on an early day of January. I've got a vision now of the way the birds were popping in and out of the hedges by the sides of the roads I seemed to fly along. There was a light sprinkling of snow on the ground. The richly colored breasts of one or two bullfinches contrasted with the whiteness. Yellow-hammers, robins, and tomtits were about; sparkling holly-berries and russet haws were in the hedgerows. I was too excited to be miserable. Gladys was in the waiting-room of the little roadside station when I got there. She was alone, I was glad to see. We had a long time together; Birdie and Gladys had planned it so. Mr. Mellor did not appear or disturb us. We were left so long that we had said all we had to say, and had become silent before the little bustle began that preceded the arrival of the train in which Gladys was to go away. We had actually nothing left to say to one another by the time it steamed leisurely alongside of the platform. Only one sentence more Gladys said hurriedly to me as we left the waiting-room, — "I could never have been good at Colwyn, Madeleine, but now I shall be. You know our mother used to

say her children couldn't be good when they were unhappy. I never could." Mr. Mellor was taking off his hat to me, and giving directions to the porters about a heap of boxes, immense new boxes, with a name in white letters upon the covers. I wondered how Gladys could have got new things enough to fill so many trunks. He was handsome certainly, but I felt as if I should never get to know Mr. Mellor if I were to see him every day; he didn't look the sort of man I could ever know. He was very nice to Gladys though, and made everything comfortable for her in the seat she chose, with her back to the engine, facing me as the train moved off. That was the last time I saw her. She had grey furs on; her little travelling hat even was trimmed with chinchilla. She had a bunch of Christmas roses in the opening of her jacket. She held up her muff so as partly to hide her face just at first, but before the train had left the Junction station, she was leaning out of the window, and all her face was clear to me.

I don't know how I got back to Colwyn. There was nothing to look at on the way home, and it was almost dark in the hall as I came in. Eleanor met me at once, and said a gentleman was waiting to speak to me in the drawing-room. Grandmother was waiting too, peeping over the banisters, beckoning to me, but I took no notice of her. It had come into my head all in a moment who was waiting for me, and I was not mistaken. Gladys never had written to tell him not to come.

"Oh, Mr. Trelawny," I said, though the room was too dark for me to see him, "I *am* sorry you are here."

"No, Madeleine, don't say that," Jem answered. "Don't be sorry that I came. I know already the worst you can tell me, that Gladys isn't here, and that her not being here means she doesn't wish to see me."

"No, no," I began, "that's not the worst —"

But he silenced me quietly, as if nothing could ruffle him. "I'm not altogether selfish, Madeleine," he went on; "I've got to know that it isn't possible to love very much and be selfish. I don't want to trouble Gladys — I can wait. I came more to tell her — but I would rather tell you — about a change in my prospects" (and as he said that word there was a tone of self-congratulation in his voice), "than to trouble her about caring for me now. I know that nothing can change me; and," he added, "I have faith in good fortune, almost as much faith in my luck as in my

love. I look on a very long way — Gladys is so very young — I look on a long way, and —"

"Oh, but, Mr. Trelawny," I burst in at last, "there isn't any way on to look; indeed, indeed there isn't. Gladys was married yesterday, and she's gone to America."

Just after I said that the door opened, and the servant brought a lamp in, and began to draw down the blinds and close the curtains, and do things that took an immense time to get done. When at last she went away, I looked across at Jem. Then I got up and walked over to the sofa where he was, and sat down beside him so that I couldn't see his face. I wished that the servant hadn't come in with the lamp just then, and that I had never seen any one look so unhappy as he looked. Everything was changed about him all in a minute. I don't know in the least what he said, or remember anything that I said. His voice trembled, and his face was white, and his hand trembled when he took hold of my hand for a moment before he left me. I got a letter from him the next day, a beautiful letter worthy of my old hero, the Sir Galahad I used to think about so much. It seemed odd to me though, because there wasn't anything about his own unhappiness in it — it was all about Gladys, asking questions about her life — but it was very very nice. When Jem was gone that evening I sat on the sofa by myself for a long time. I put the lamp out, and began thinking how dreadful it was to care so very much for anybody; and for the first time in my life, the only time, I felt glad that I wasn't beautiful, and that I could never make any man's face show such suffering as I had seen upon Trelawny's face when he knew about Gladys. I think it must have been grandmother's will or something that got me out of the room and up-stairs at last without any intention of my own, because she came knocking at my bedroom door directly I had shut myself in. Her frail white face looked quite shocking to me, it was all lighted up with anger from the inside, that glared out of her eyes as if she would have liked to burn me up.

"What have you done with your sister?" she began. "No, you needn't tell me; you've got the mark of Cain upon you now. You said to yourself, 'Am I her keeper?' and God was sending you messages all the time, before the robber got her — stop, I will tell you what else he is besides a robber" — and she came close to me and whispered in a loud whisper, "a

murderer. He belongs to the Initiation — he is one of the murderers of beautiful women. Antoinette will die; you will see." Then she flung herself into a chair and began to cry violently and wring her hands, and suddenly she exclaimed again, "I know who you have been talking with down-stairs. Jesus Christ himself has been here; he sat waiting in the drawing-room till you came in to ask for Antoinette — and you sent him away with a wound in his heart — him, your redeemer! No, not yours," she broke off, laughing, and after that her talk became quite incoherent, excepting that she said as Eleanor took her away, "Another message will come to-morrow through the angels — too late to save Antoinette."

But Gladys did not die. I got a good many letters from her during her first married year. She described their life to me. They lived in hotels at first; and there was a great deal of excitement going on always. Gladys had as gay a time as any girl could wish for. She said, too, that her husband was very fond of her; and I really think she got to love him a little, or, at least, she was grateful to him. But as the second year passed on I noticed a change beginning. Gladys had been ill; she got some sort of fever, she told me, and she couldn't get her strength up after it; she grew very nervous about herself, and all her spirit left her. She wrote me a very sad letter once. "You know, Madeleine," she said, "I never had anything to make people like me but just my good looks, and now I'm yellow instead of pink and white, so Lorry doesn't care about me so much as he used to do. I get uglier every day. Oh dear! I don't know what to do, I don't know how to get well. Lorry says he's tired of paying doctors' bills. And oh! Madeleine dear, I can't get well, I don't know what to do. I wish sometimes I could get unmarried and be anywhere in England as jolly as I used to be. But then it was horrid being poor. Everything's horrid in the world, I think, and I'm horrid. Your forlorn

"GLADYS."

The worst of it is, Gladys is poor now. I suppose there are always ups and downs with business men, and perhaps they will be rich again some day, but it's more than a year now since Mr. Mellor was made a bankrupt. Birdie was at Chicago when the smash came, and she told me a little about it. Gladys must have had a great deal to bear just then. Mr. Mellor wasn't nice to her at all when she felt the change

in everything so much; he actually threw it in her face one day that she was a beggar when she married him. How Gladys would have flared up if she had been the Gladys she used to be! but she isn't. I think she has altered a good deal. "I never had anything but my beauty," she often says in her letters, "and now I haven't even that for my husband to make a fuss about. There isn't one of them would love me now, Madeleine, if they could see my sallow cheeks." But I don't believe Gladys has lost her beauty. I don't mean to believe it; why, she isn't one-and-twenty yet. At any rate, if she could only get happy it would all come back. If Gladys could have a child now; perhaps she will some day, people generally have. I sent her photograph to grandmother the other day, but Eleanor wrote to me she threw the carte into the fire, and said it wasn't a picture of Antoinette at all, that the real Antoinette was dead, and this was only an impression, and that it couldn't deceive her. The *real* Antoinette, the *real* Gladys! What have our past selves to do with our present ones? I don't know. What I do know is that Gladys will always be to me the rose that I admire above all flowers.

La rose est des fleurs tout l'honneur,
 Qui en grace et divine odeur
 Toutes les belles fleurs surpasse,
 Et qui ne doit au soir flétrir,
 Comme une autre fleur qui se passe,
 Mais en honneur toujours fleurir:
 J'aime sur toute fleur décroître,
 A chanter l'honneur de la rose.*

I stayed on at Colwyn for a year after Gladys went away. Grandmother hated me from that day, grandfather was furious. I don't know what Mr. Mellor wrote to him—something about money that ought to come to Gladys, I think.

My own allowance from Mr. Colwyn dwindled and dwindled; I was very wretched and uncomfortable. At last I took a resolution and went over to see Mrs. Wallingford once when she was visiting at Rhoscolyn, and my talk with her got me the half-teacher's situation at Wemyss, and gave me lodging and board and work for two very happy years.

On the afternoon when I was packing up to leave Wales, I took all the relics out of my desk and burnt my treasures, every little scrap of a thing that belonged to my old life—an old diary of Theodora's, a book-marker Gladys had made for me on one of my child birthdays, a

letter of mother's that she wrote to us one Christmas when she was away; then Gladys's letters to me written since her marriage, then Mr. Trelawny's letter about Gladys. I had thought for a moment of sending that to Gladys, but I burnt it instead; and as I watched its ashes curl and quiver and fly up the chimney, I remembered that Gladys had stood, on one of her last nights at Colwyn, just where I stood then, burning old letters, and that I had seen two of Jem's fly up the chimney just in the same way, and noticed that Gladys was smiling all the time. Why should I care if she didn't? Then I found another letter that I had put away in my desk without thinking. It had come for Gladys soon after her marriage. It was directed in Gilbert Rennie's handwriting. I sat a long time considering whether I should send it to Gladys or not, and at last I determined that I would; it couldn't matter to her then, and very likely I thought there wasn't anything particular in it; besides, I had no right to keep it from her.

I have often told you that February is my favorite month of the year, the month of promise, when we feel the first throb of life after winter. The throb of hope I felt on the February day when I said good-bye to dreary, wicked Colwyn, did not deceive me. Oh, Joyce, I had not the faintest idea then what happiness means! I had not seen *you* and loved *you*.

Life is quite a different thing to me now from what it ever was before. I don't think there can be anything like friendship. I can hardly believe that our life together is going to begin. What times we shall have—from to-morrow! Yes, I shut up here. This has been a long night's writing. Actually it is getting light, so I don't think I shall go to bed at all, but begin the preparations we planned.

I'm so happy. I suppose I scarcely ought to be when so many people I know had such unhappy lives, and when Gladys is not happy even now. But I simply can't help it.

I am so happy, Joyce. I am so very happy.
 E. KEARY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
 EPITAPHS.

THE word epitaph was originally given to that form of monumental inscription by which the surviving relatives sought to commemorate the merits of some departed friend, but universal custom has extended

* Le Blason de la Rose.

it to anything in the form of a short written memorial of the dead, whether inscribed on a tombstone or not. Looking to its intention, an epitaph must necessarily be short and concise, and cannot by any possibility comprise such details as are appropriate to an elegy, or to such a commemorative poem as Tennyson's "In Memoriam." There is nothing, as we shall afterwards see, to prevent its becoming the vehicle of satire, or even of vindictive remarks. But what is its accepted purpose is shown from the custom of all nations, and is well expressed in the following couplet, taken from a tombstone in a Suffolk churchyard : —

Tombs have no use, unless it be to show
The due respect which friend to friend doth owe.

The chief purpose of an epitaph is to rescue from the sweeping hand of oblivion the memory of some one removed by death who was specially dear to his surviving friends, or whose character and virtues were deemed so worthy of admiration that the recital of them would have the tendency to cause those who read to emulate his example. But, while an inscription on a tomb or statue of one of the world's great ones, would perpetuate his name and fame to future generations, still the perusal of it would not have such a stimulating effect on the great mass, who are not cast in the heroic mould, as one which appeals to the common lot of humanity, wherein, for instance, is recorded the triumph of virtue over adverse surroundings, as in the case of the ancient Greek, of whom nothing is known but what his epitaph records : "Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favorite of Heaven."

On the sarcophagi or coffins of the ancient Egyptians we find the earliest monumental inscriptions in existence, and the Pyramids themselves are believed to be monuments erected in the memory of the departed rulers of that famous land. Those inscriptions which have been deciphered show a great similarity, not only to one another, but to those of the present day. They almost invariably commence with a prayer to the deity (Osiris or Anubis) on behalf of the deceased, which is followed by the name, descent, and position held by him while in life. The difference between them and many modern epitaphs lies in the fact that they do not attempt to delineate the character or merits of the deceased, nor, except in the initial

prayer, to give any expression to the feelings of the survivors.

The earliest epitaphs to be found in England were written during the period of the Roman occupation, and commemorate some of the more prominent officers of the Roman legion. The use of Latin, thus commenced, continued, with a slight intermingling of Norman-French after the Conquest, till well down in the Middle Ages, and, in occasional instances, down even to the present day. Indeed, some writers have gone so far as to express the opinion that Latin should be employed exclusively, not only on account of its beauty as a language, but, being one of the dead languages, its meaning can never be subject to those fluctuations and changes which invariably fall to the lot of one in every-day use. But that this opinion is not well founded will be apparent when we consider that epitaphs are intended to be read, not only by the learned, but by the friends and acquaintances of the deceased, and the people at large, who might thereby be stimulated to emulate the virtues of the departed one. As an argument to the contrary, it may be mentioned that the inscriptions in pre-Reformation times, written in Latin, are much more intelligible now than those written in the Old English of the period, which can be read only, and that with extreme difficulty, by some dry-as-dust Old Mortality! The oldest epitaph in English, which is found in a churchyard in Oxfordshire, and dates from the year 1370, to modern readers would be unintelligible, not only from its antique typography, but from its obsolete language, the first two lines of which run as follows, and may be taken as a sample of the whole : "man com & se how schal alle dede be : wen yow comes bad & bare : noth hav ven we away fare : all ys werines yt ve for care."*

The inscriptions from the end of the thirteenth century to the time of the Reformation are mostly written on brass, and are expressed in the first person singular, as if the deceased was the speaker, wherein he states his rank and attainments while in life, contrasts them with the lowly and loathsome character of his body when laid in the grave, and closes with a prayer that the passer-by might pray for the rest of his soul. In fact, these old tombstones serve as an unimpeachable record of the gradual development of religious thought

* Man, come and see how shall all dead be,
When you come poor and bare;
Nothing have, when we away fare:
All is weariness that we for care.

from one generation to another. Thus, in 1416, we find the following concluding request on the tomb of a young barrister who died at the early age of twenty-one :

Desiring you that this shall see
Unto the Maiden pray for me,
That bare both God and Man.

Twenty-one years later we find one John Spycer claiming credit in the chancery of Heaven for having presented to the Church a lamp to be lighted day and night, and also a gable window, whereupon he prays :—

Now, Jesu, that diedst on a tree, on us have
mercy and pitie;
Mary, Mother, Maiden clear, have mercy on
me, John Spycer.

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which was only formally declared to be an article of faith in the Romish Church so recently as 1855, is clearly enunciated on the tombstones as early as the middle of the fifteenth century. As may be supposed, at this period, when the Church held the terrors of Purgatory over every one, where "every door was barred with gold, and opened but with golden keys," frequent allusion is made to the sore "adversitie," the "outlawry," the "pains," and other names for the cleansing fires of Purgatory. But after Henry VIII. broke away from Rome, these allusions, as well as the pious formula "Pray for the soul," gradually disappear, and in half a century afterwards cease almost entirely. Ten years after the rupture, we find the following epitaph, on one Lambe, permeated with the full development of the Reformation doctrine, of immediate immortality through the merits of Christ alone, without priestly or other intervention :—

O Lambe of God, whiche sinne didst take
away,
And (as a lambe) was offered up for sinne;
Where I poore Lambe went from the flock
astray,
Yet thou (good Lorde) vouchsafe thy Lambe
to winne
Home to thy fold, and hold thy Lambe
therein:
That at the day when lambes and goats shall
sever
Of thy choice lambes, Lambe may be one for-
ever.

It must have been rather trying for people in those times to know whether to call themselves Catholics or Protestants, as Henry VIII. was first the one and then

the other, and his son Edward VI., during his short reign, caused the pendulum of state to swing straight towards Protestantism, only to rebound towards the old faith under his sister Mary, and again to oscillate to Protestantism under Elizabeth. Thus, in 1599, one Edward Grimstone declares that, whatever others did, as for himself he was unchangeable :—

By twice two Kings and Queens his life was
graced,
Yet one religion held from first to last.

But, while Roman Catholicism and Protestantism were thus struggling for the mastery, it is surprising to find how the old Pagan mythology finds a place alongside the expression of Christian hope, not only in the Reformation times, but even a century later, as witness the following, on the tomb of a boy who died in the year 1633, aged nine years :—

Great Jove hath lost his Ganymede, I know,
Which made him seek another here below,
And finding none, not one like unto this,
Hath ta'ne him hence into eternal bliss.
Cease, then, for thy dear Meneleb to weep—
God's darlinge was too good for thee to keep;
But rather joye in this great favour given,
A child is made a saint in heaven.

The one just quoted belongs, strange to say, to that stage of English history when a fierce Puritanism was asserting itself, which resulted in the great Civil War, the execution of King Charles I., and the triumph for a time of that strange phase of religious enthusiasm—or, as some would style it, coarse bigotry—under Cromwell and his saints. As may be supposed, the tombstones breathe the spirit of the times in their fierce intolerance and narrow exclusiveness. The following occurs at the close of an inscription in Grey Friars' Churchyard, Edinburgh, under date 1635 :—

Oh! that men were wise to	{ Know the multitude of those that are to be damned, the paucity of those that are to be saved, and the vanity of transitory things. Understand evil committed, good things omitted, and the loss of time. Foresee the danger of death, the last judgment, and eter- nal punishment.

Listen to the shout of assurance from the tombstone of old Thomas Brooke, who died at Huddersfield, in the year 1638, in the eighty-seventh year of his age :—

In the Church
Mylitant I fout
so unshaken
that to the
Church tryump
hant I am taken.
I am one o' th'
Church still.
Greeve not frends
to know me ad
vanced higher:
Whilst I stayed
I prayed, and now
I sing in ye quier.

As may be supposed, epitaphs, in a great measure, reflect also the literary characteristics of the age which produces them. It is during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when our literature was adorned by such a galaxy of brilliant writers, that the literary beauties of the epitaph first begin to show themselves. To define what constitutes a good epitaph is extremely difficult, as each age, not to speak of the individual units who compose that age, has its own standard of taste. The beauty of many a one consists in its extreme simplicity. What could be more startlingly effective than the mere statement of the *name* of the deceased, the perusal of which immediately recalls to the mind of the passing reader the leading characteristics of his life as emblazoned in the pages of history? Thus, on the tomb of one of Napoleon's generals is engraved the simple name of the deceased, "Massena," which, no doubt, would be well known at the time, but is now comparatively meaningless, except to a few who have made history, and especially the history of the Napoleonic campaigns, a special study. Every traveller to Geneva will recall the unpretentious monument erected to the memory of the famous Protestant divine, John Calvin, consisting of a small stone, not a foot high, with nothing on it but the letters "J. C." Simple, yet striking, as recalling one whose writings have moulded to a great extent the religious thought of nations and individuals down to the present day. But while this extreme simplicity might do in a very few cases, still an epitaph to be generally acceptable must appeal to the general kinship of humanity, and, in addition, should emphasize, in short, crisp language, those special characteristics which distinguished the deceased from the general mass of mankind. It should also deal with him as a mortal not superior to human frailties, but, as committed to the dust, trusting to the divine mercy, and in hopes of a glorious resurrection. Anything in the way

of fulsome flattery is wholly out of place in presence of the awful mystery of death, which, instead of commending itself to the onlooker, arouses his feelings of scorn or derision. Anything, also, of a vindictive or abusive character is most inappropriate over the remains of those whose "love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished, and who have no more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." What could be more unseemly than the following, bearing date 1600, on a tomb in Babraham, in Cambridgeshire? —

Here lyes Horatio Palavicene
Who robb'd the Pope to lend the Queene.
He was a thief. A thief! thou ly'st:
For whie? he robbed but Antichrist.
Him Death with besome swept from Babram
Into the bosom of oulde Abram;
But then came Hercules with his club,
And struck him down to Beelzebub.

But while epitaphs usually give all their tribute to the deceased, they occasionally are used as advertising mediums for the living, and bear by whose appointment and at whose cost they have been put up. This brings us to notice those epitaphs which have been specially written to commemorate the virtues of members of various professions and trades.

The calling of a watchmaker naturally suggests itself as suitable for an epitaph, and, accordingly, we find many expressive and appropriate ones. Here is one, or rather the portion of one, on a self-taught watchmaker, who, although we are duly told of his skill as a tradesman, and that "of Berkeley five times mayor this artist was," yet

When his own watch was down on the Last
Day,

He that made watches had not made a key
To wind it up, but useless it must lie
Until he rise again no more to die!

Or another, who, having integrity as the mainspring, and prudence as the regulator of all the actions of his life, departed this life "wound up, in hopes of being taken in hand by his maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned and repaired, and set a-going in the world to come." We hardly see the appropriateness of the description of a deceased grocer: —

Who in his life was *tost on many a wave*,
And now he lies *anchored* in his own grave;

but, at the same time, we are glad to learn from him, and through him, of others of the same occupation, that

To heaven he has gone, the way before,
Where of grocers there is many more.

One lady's nurse, a Mrs. Ann Clark,
who lived at Tiverton, and died there in
1733, says of herself:—

On helpless babes I did attend
Whilst I on earth my life did spend.

And, as showing how faithfully she carried out her appointed lot in life, her epitaph finishes up with the momentous statement that "John Bradley was the first child she received into this world in 1698, and since above 5000"—which, calculating the years in which her service lasted, makes an average of one hundred and forty-three per annum!

We do not know whether the size of families among our ancestors, as a rule, resembled those of patriarchal times or not, but it is no uncommon matter to have it recorded that the deceased left behind him fifteen, nineteen, and even more, hopeful children. One good man is described as the forty-first child of his father and as leaving twenty-seven children of his own. Sir William Sutton, who died in 1640, after nine years of married life, was the parent of sixteen children:—

Their generous offspring, parents' joy of heart,
Eight of each sex: of each an equal part
Ushered to Heaven their father, the other
Remained behind him to attend their mother.

While olive plants seemed to have flourished in those days, Bluebeard also seems to have had several worthy representatives. For example:—

Here lieth he, ould Jeremy, who hath *eight*
times married been,
But now in his old age, he lies in his cage,
under the grass so green.

But "ould Jeremy" was fairly excelled by a Gloucestershire gentleman, who died six years later (1725), and is thus immortalized:—

Here lies old Mr. Richard Tully,
Who lived an C and 3 years fully,
And threescore years before the Mayor
The sword of this city he did bear.
Nine of his wives do bye him lye,
So shall the *tenth* when she doth die.

Surely, since he was so very much married, he found more pleasure in his married life than many others who have erected monuments and inscribed epitaphs in memory of their departed partners in life, such as they who wrote:—

To free me from domestic strife,
Death called at my house, but he spake with
my wife;

or:—

Here Isabel, my wife, doth lie:
She's at peace, and so am I.

But we should form an entirely wrong impression if we were to believe that married life as portrayed in the tombstones were such, even in a small degree, as is here satirized. Some of the most beautiful inscriptions we have are by the surviving spouse, deeply lamenting the separation that has been caused by the hand of death. What could be more devoted than the following, in memory of Mrs. Anna and Mrs. Dorothy Freeborne, wives of Mr. Samuel Freeborne, who departed this life, one on the 31st of July, anno 1641; the other August the 20th, anno 1658, one aged thirty-three years, the other forty-four:—

Under this stone two precious gems do lie,
Equal in weight, worth, lustre, sanctity:
Yet perhaps one of them do excel:
Which was't who knows? Ask him that
knew them well
By long enjoyment. If he thus be prest,
He'll pause, then answer: truly both were
best:

Were't in my choice that either of the twain
Might be returned to me to enjoy again,
Which should I choose? Well, since I know
not whether,
I'll mourn for the loss of both, but wish for
neither.

Yet here's my comfort, herein lies my hope,
The time a coming cabinets shall ope
Which are lockt fast: then shall I see
My jewels to my joy, my jewels me.

Or one more, as follows: "In memory of Rebecca Leyborne, interred at the foot of this pillar, born June the 4th, 1698, deceased February 18, 1756. A wife more than twenty-three years to Robert Leyborne, D.D., who never saw her once ruffled with anger, or heard her utter even a peevish word; whether pained or injured the same good woman: in whose mouth, as in whose character, was no contradiction: Resigned, gentle, courteous, affable; without passion, though not without sense, she took offence as little as she gave it; she never was or made an enemy; to servants mild; to relations kind; to the poor a friend; to the stranger hospitable; always caring how to please her husband, yet was her attention to the one thing needful. How few will be able to equal what all should endeavor to imitate." But we cannot better close the subject of married life than by quoting

two epitaphs, one on a gentleman, and the other on a lady, who had never enjoyed that felicity. The first says :—

'Tis true I led a single life,
And nare was married in my life;
For of that seck I nare had none:
It is the Lord, His Will be done.

The other on a maiden lady who died at the age of seventy, and is thus commemorated :—

VIRGINITY was had in estimation,
And wont to be observed with veneration:
ABOVE, 'tis still so, single life is fed,
None may marry, nor are married,
But live angelic lives: and VIRGINS crowned
All with their coronets the LAMB surround.
This maiden LANDLADY hath one obtained,
Who tho' much sought in marrying still re-
frained,

And now the inheritance undefined has gained.

Mark here how the old maid's pride wished it to be distinctly understood that the reason of her having lived and died in single blessedness was certainly not from want of offers!

We have already referred to the large families of many of the departed, but one other noticeable feature is the extreme longevity of many, as recorded in their epitaphs. Thus, Thomas Parr, who was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1635, is thus described: "The Old, Old, very Old Man, Thomas Parr, was born at the Glyn, within This Chapelry of Great Willaston, and Parish of Alberbury, in the County of Salop, In the year of our Lord 1483. He lived in the Reigns of Ten Kings and Queens of England (viz.) K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7th, K. Hen. 8th, K. Edw. 6, Q. Mary, Q. Eliz., K. James 1st, and K. Charles 1st; died the 13 and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 15th of November, 1635, aged 152 years and 9 months." Or, again, Stephen Rumbold, who

Lived to the age of an hundred and one, sanguine and strong,
An hundred to one you don't live so long.

Several others are recorded as having lived over the century, but whether it is that the race is degenerating, or that this sceptical age insists on facts and statistics from the register of births, and so minimizes the chance of any exaggeration—however it is—a modern centenarian is a most unusual if not almost an unknown phenomenon.

As may be supposed from the variety of minds, and the composite character of the population of these islands of ours, the form of epitaphs and their literary

style have greatly varied and at times have assumed peculiar and fantastic forms. The earliest of these peculiarities, viz.: contraction, shows itself when the English language first comes into use for such inscriptions, and of which one example will suffice :—

Lo al yt eu' I spēt yt sū tme had I
Al yt I gaf I god ētēt yt now haue I
Yt I neyiu' gaf ne lēt yt now abie I
Yt I kepe til I wēt yt lost I.*

The next period when strange forms occur is the Elizabethan, when the old paths in religion and commerce were being left behind, and the strong spirit of the English people was forcing its way into new lands, and into fresh realms of thought. Of these fresh departures in the literature of the churchyard, we shall just glance at a few.

1. *The Paradox.* This form, which had its origin at the time just mentioned, has continued in use down even to the present day. The strange contrasts which it presents attract the attention, and cause the thoughts to pass suddenly from one aspect in which the death under notice may be contemplated to another exactly the opposite. And it may be truly said that this is but a natural transition, arising from the surroundings, when we contrast man's bodily frame in the full flush of health and vigor, with the same frame cold in death, and given over to corruption, or the soul of man cribbed, cabined, and confined in its fleshly investiture, and subject to griefs and trials, with the same spirit abiding in a glorious immortality with Him in whose presence there is fullness of joy. Here is one dated 1611, in memory of Mrs. Ann Gibson, erected by her sorrowing husband :—

What is she dead? doth he survive?
No, both are dead, and both alive.
She lives, he's dead, by love, through grieving:
In him, for her, yet dead, yet living.

Both dead and living? then what is gone?
One half of both, not any one.
One mind, one faith, one hope, one grave
In life, in death, they had, and still they have.

2. *The Dialogue.* On some of the tombstones of this period the inscriptions take the form of a dialogue, setting forth reasons and answers why the departed one ought to have lived, or if he must needs

* Lo, all that ever I spent, that sometimes had I;
All that I gave in good intent, that now have I;
What I never gave nor lent, that now suffer I:
That I kept till I went, that lost I.

have died, discussing as to whom the dual parts of his nature should be given over. Thus, on Sir James Pemberton:—

Virtue and Death being both enamored,
On worthy Pemberton in heat of love,
To be possessed of what each coveted,
Thus did they dialogue, and thus they strove.

And then follow about two dozen lines in metre, as if spoken by the disputants alternately, with the first and third lines rhyming, and ending up with the solution arrived at:—

And so they ceased. *Death* triumphs o'er
his grave,
Virtue o'er that which *Death* can never have.

3. The third noticeable peculiarity we may not inappropriately term *fantastic conceits*. The troublous times of the Civil War, the triumph of the Puritans, and the subsequent Restoration, are specially full of these strange and fantastic vagaries. Let two examples suffice. A disconsolate husband speaks thus to the reader: "Put off thy shoes, thou treadst on Holy earth, where lies the rarest Phoenix" (*i.e.*, his wife); and then he addresses her dear departed shade as follows:—

Blest Saint! once mine equal: O might I now
adore thee,
My Bliss, my Love, that thou art gone before
me.

O let thy cinders warm that bed of dust for
me
(Thy mournful husband) till I come by thee.

Here is another, short and to the point, in the form of an acknowledgment from our mother earth: "Received of PHILIP HARDING his borrowed earth July 4th, 1673."

4. *Anagrams, Acrostics, Rebuses, and Puzzles*. We are accustomed to these names at the end of some of our weekly papers and periodicals, where the editor tries to while away the tedium of an evening round a cosy fire, by providing a means of pleasurable research to his readers, but we rarely associate them with the cold desolation and pensive melancholy of the churchyard. But so it is that in this strange, unsettled seventeenth century we find them in large numbers and in great and puzzling variety. An anagram, according to the dictionary definition, is "a transposition of the letters of a word

or a sentence to form a new word or sentence." Thus, the transposition of the letters of the name, Marya Arundell, makes up the words "Man a dry laurel," which leads the writer of her epitaph to moralize as follows:—

Man to the marigold compar'd may bee,
Men may be liken'd to the laurell tree;
Both feede the eye—both please the optic
sense;

Both soon decaye—both suddenly fleete
hence.

What then infer you from her name but
this?—

Man fades away—Man a dry Laurell is.

In like manner, Mistress Cicely Pucker-
ing has for an anagram:—

I sleep secure: Christ's my King;

with the lines beneath:—

Death's terrors nought affright me, nor his
sting:

I sleep secure, for Christ's my sovereign
King.

That "reverend, religious, and learned preacher" (as his epitaph calls him), Daniel Evance, has for his anagram, "I can deal even;" and several, when they cannot get a suitable transposition into English, make up a Latin anagram from an English name.

An acrostic is another fanciful form, whereby the initial letters of the deceased's name are written downwards, and each one made to form the first letter of the lines of his epitaph.

Another variety is what is known as a rebus, being an emblematical representation of words and syllables by means of pictures. Thus at the top of a tombstone in Norfolk there are represented, inclosed in three sets of angels' wings, an hour-glass, a pearl, and an eye, with a rhyming inscription beneath, commencing:—

Lo, Time—Pearl—Ey, a Rebus, which to
thee

Speaks what I whilom Was, a *Timperley*!

Then we have puzzles without any key to decipher them. It is only by guess-work that we can hope to arrive at the true interpretation of such a one as the following, on a doctor, who died at the patriarchal age of one hundred and twenty-five:—

Here lies Dr. Ward, whom you knew well before;
He was kind to his neighbours, good to the poor.

1 to God,	2 to Prince,	3 Wife,	4 Kindred,	5 Friend,	6 the poor,
1 Religious,	2 Loyal,	3 True,	4 Kind,	5 Stedfast,	6 Dear,
1 In Zeal,	2 Faith,	3 Love,	4 Blood,	5 Amity,	6 and Store,

He hath soe liv'd, and soe deccas'd lyes here.

One grotesque variety is inscribed in the form of a parallelogram, with the inscription in Latin round the borders, and some of it so placed that the passer-by would require to stand on his head to read it.

A very common form of monumental hilarity is produced by playing upon the name of the deceased when such lends itself to the occasion.

Here is one on a Devonshire clergyman, of the name of William Mason, who died in 1639, at the early age of twenty-eight:—

MASON, how is't that thou so soon art gone
Home from thy work? What, was the fault
i' th' stone,

Or did thy hammer fail, or didst suspect
Thy Master's wages would thy work neglect?
Christ was thy CORNER STONE, Christians
the rest,
Hammer the Word, GOOD LIFE thy line all
blest.

And yet art gone, 'twas honor not thy crime
With stone hearts to work much in little time:
Thy Master saw 't, and took thee off from
them

To the bright stones of NEW JERUSALEM.
Thy work and labour men esteem a base one;
God counts it blest. Here lies a blest FREE
MASON.

It will be observed that these, although they are made up by a play upon words, are not intentionally ludicrous as are so many, especially in the rural districts of England. The Scotch, being by nature a graver and more demure people, look upon death, as a rule, in its more awful aspect, and rarely indulge in those pleasantries, if they are really intended as such, of which a few examples will now be given:

To the memory of Ric: Richards, who by Gangrene lost first a toe, afterwards a leg, and lastly his Life on the 7th day of April, 1656.

Ah! cruell Death to make three meals of one,
To taste and taste till all was gone.

But know, thou Tyrant, when the trumpe shall
call,

He'll find his feet, and stand when thou shalt
fall.

What would our teetotal and Good Templar friends say to the following, in view of the assertion, so frequently put forth by them, that drinking has the tendency to shorten human life?—

Here old John Randall lies, who counting
from his tale

Lived three score years and ten, such virtue
was in ale.

Ale was his meat, ale was his drink,

Ale did his heart revive,

And if he could have drunk his ale

He still had been alive: but he died January
five, 1699.

Here's another short one from Ockham, in Surrey, the name of the departed one not being given; but, from his tombstone, he thus declares his sad end:—

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree,
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me.

These may be multiplied indefinitely—but to what good end? as they only tend to show either that the survivors had little sense of the loss they had sustained, or did not realize the momentous issues involved in the passing of an immortal soul into the regions of the unseen. But, while levity is objectionable, there is also another form of epitaph which, although probably not intended to be facetious, is also objectionable from its strange medley, in recording too many characteristics of the deceased, the effect of which is to convey to the mind of the reader a sense of the ludicrous, when these various qualities of excellence are placed on the one tombstone in close juxtaposition to one another. Thus a Mr. Philips is described as one "whose absolute contempt of riches, and inimitable performances on the violin, made him the admiration of all that knew him; he was born in Wales, made the Tour of Europe, and after the experience of both kinds of fortune died in the year 1732."

From Chambers' Journal.

UNCLAIMED STOCKS, DIVIDENDS, AND BANK DEPOSITS.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

JUST one hundred years ago, the then chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Pitt, being very anxious to replenish the Treasury, with the smallest possible friction to the long-suffering taxpayers, conceived the happy idea of utilizing the accumulated unclaimed dividends on government stocks, then in the coffers of the Bank of England. Accordingly, a return was prepared, from which it appeared that these unclaimed dividends had grown thus: In 1727 they amounted to only £43,000; in 1774, to £292,000; and in 1789, to £547,000. Mr. Pitt proposed that £500,000 of these accumulations should be paid into the national exchequer, and the consolidated fund made liable to recoup on claimants making good their title. The proposal was stoutly opposed by Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox, as well as by the directors of

the Bank of England; but Mr. Pitt carried it by a large majority.

The result of the discussions in Parliament and in the press proved highly beneficial to many persons who, up to that time, were ignorant of the fact that stockholders or their representatives could easily recover these long-forgotten funds. Innumerable claimants appeared, and instead of the bank being able to advance to the government £500,000, the actual sum handed over was only £376,739, *os. 9d.*

In 1791, the first official list of unclaimed dividends on government stocks was published, containing "the names and descriptions of the proprietors of unclaimed dividends in the public funds, which became due before December 31, 1780, and remained unpaid on December 31, 1790, with the dates when the last dividends became payable, and the number of dividends due." The list filled two hundred pages, and the information given proved invaluable to the public. Supplements were published annually for many years afterwards, but some fifty years since they were discontinued. These unclaimed dividends may therefore now fairly be classed as "hidden moneys."

Two hundred years ago, the national debt amounted to only £664,263, with an annual charge of £39,835. At the commencement of the American War it had risen to one hundred and thirty million, and at its conclusion to two hundred and fifty million. The great Revolutionary War cost the country the stupendous sum of six hundred million; and in 1817 the national debt reached its highest point — namely, eight hundred and forty million. During her Majesty's reign it has been largely reduced, and now stands at about seven hundred million, with an annual charge of twenty-six million.

Owing to the enormous increase in the national debt, the unclaimed dividends mounted up rapidly, and in 1808 stood at £1,047,891. In this year a further sum of half a million was advanced thereon to the government, without protest on the part of the Bank of England. In 1815 the unclaimed dividends had risen to £1,297,742.

The number of stockholders is now nearly two hundred and fifty thousand, and, according to Mr. E. W. Hamilton's highly interesting pamphlet on Mr. Goschen's wonderful Conversion and Redemption scheme, unclaimed funds are credited to no fewer than ten thousand nine hundred accounts, which include more than forty holdings of over £10,000

each. The holding of one individual alone in Consols and Reduced Threes amounts to no less a sum than £187,598. The unclaimed redemption money amounts to £7,849,775, *9s. 7d.*; unclaimed stocks, etc., in the hands of the national debt commissioners on October 1, 1889, £576,365, *18s. 6d.*; total amount of redeemed stocks compulsorily converted by Treasury warrants, £8,436,141, *8s. 1d.*

It appears that out of sixty-eight thousand eight hundred letters posted by the Bank of England authorities, notifying the conversion of stock, no fewer than twelve thousand seven hundred were returned through the Dead Letter Office, owing to change of address, and the bank learned for the first time that hundreds of stockholders were dead and their representatives unknown.

It may here be convenient to state the mode in which unclaimed dividends on government stocks are ordinarily dealt with. After ten years' non-claim, the dividends are transferred to the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt till claimants appear. On a claimant appearing, but not till then, the Bank of England advertise for further claimants, giving (1) the amount and denomination of the stock; (2) the date of the transfer to the National Debt Commissioners; (3) the name, address, and description of the claimant; and (4) the name, address, and description of the person who originally held the stock, with an intimation that unless a better claim is made within three months, the stock and dividends will be re-transferred. The above particulars would be infinitely more valuable to many persons interested if published at the date of the transfer to the National Debt Commissioners, and afterwards as a schedule to the annual parliamentary return on the subject, which at present gives very little information, as will be seen by the following extracts: On April 4, 1889, the dividends "due and not demanded" amounted to £550,548, *2s.*; on July 4, £419,959, *14s. 6d.*; on October 4, £439,511, *17s. 3d.*; and on January 4, 1890, £409,207, *11s. 4d.* — the greater portion whereof being advanced to the government.

It is curious to contrast this return with a similar one issued ten years ago. The figures were then as follows: On April 4, 1879, the dividends "due and not demanded" amounted to £923,822, *2s. 1d.*; on July 4, £836,367, *17s.*; on October 4, £868,435, *18s. 6d.*; and on January 3, 1880, £856,010, *17s. 8d.* It would therefore seem that the unclaimed dividends are

essencing much more quickly than the national debt.

It is worth noting here, as an exemplification of the value of small things, that it is not customary to pay fractions of a penny on dividends on government stocks, and that some few years since these accumulated fractions amounted to £143,000! This nice little nest-egg was handed over to the chancellor of the exchequer.

The Bank of England is also custodian of a large number of boxes deposited by customers for safety during the past two hundred years, and in not a few instances forgotten. Many of these consignments are not only of rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romantic interest. For instance, some years ago the servants of the bank discovered in its vaults a chest, which on being moved literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents, a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love-letters indited during the period of the Restoration. The directors of the bank caused search to be made in their books; the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate and love-letters handed over.

No complete list of these unclaimed boxes has ever been published; consequently, one often sees advertisements seeking clues to such deposits. The following are examples: "Information required as to the whereabouts of a quantity of diamonds, jewellery, and plate belonging to the late Madame Marie —, who died at St. Pancras, after a residence of fifty years in London. Apply to —, solicitors." "Bankers, brokers, solicitors, and others having any bonds, moneys, or other property of Sarah Ann —, deceased, of Great Marlow, Bucks, are requested to communicate with Mr. —, solicitor."

If all the boxes lying unclaimed for ten years or longer in the cellars of the Banks of England and Ireland, at Coutts', Drummonds', Child's and other well-known bankers, were unearthed and their contents examined, wonderful treasures, in the shape of plate, jewellery, and other valuables might be handed over to the representatives of the original depositors. Many missing title-deeds, wills, and other valuable documents might also be restored to their rightful owners.

The following extract from an advertisement issued in 1881, by order of the Court of Chancery, Ireland; with a view to discover the real owners of the following

valuables deposited in a bank in Dublin, gives a fair idea of the valuable nature of unclaimed bank deposits:—

"No. 1. Box containing a number of silver articles, coins, medals, and seals, and having on it a crest and the name 'E. S. Cooper.' No. 2. Box containing a number of silver articles, of which several are crested with a coat of arms, supposed to be those of Viscount Netterville. No. 3. Box containing thirty-nine articles of plate, some of them bearing a coronet. No. 4. Box containing diamonds and articles of jewellery, lodged by Dr. Andrew Blake and George Jennings on December 22, 1795."

Sometimes it happens that deposits are made, and, strange as it may appear, totally forgotten by the owners. A remarkable case of this description came before the late Vice-Chancellor Malins, in which it appeared that a lady died at Marseilles at the great age of ninety-eight, who, although entitled to £56,000 in the Funds, and to more than £20,000 accumulated dividends, was constantly borrowing money from her relatives; from which it may be inferred that this large deposit had escaped the lady's memory.

It is not undeserving of notice that in a schedule to the annual Parliamentary return issued by the Supreme Court of Judicature (England), is given a list of unclaimed boxes and other miscellaneous effects deposited in the Bank of England, belonging to suitors or their representatives. The following are the more curious items: A bag of clipped money, in *Jones v. Lloyd*, August, 1726; a box containing small articles of jewellery; a sealed envelope containing a promissory note for £400 in favor of John Spilman; a paper marked "George Colman, Will;" a debenture dated 1799; *Bouverie v. Jacques*, plate, etc.; *Salm Kyrburg v. Pomansky*, said to contain bills of exchange for twenty-five thousand francs; *E. A. Williams*, deceased, plate, jewellery, and presentation plate; *Lousada's* estate, diamond brooch bequeathed to wife of G. A. Lousada; *Joshua Blackburn*, a person of unsound mind, plate and jewellery (six wooden and four tin boxes); *Wade Gery v. Handley*, heirlooms (two boxes).

The suitors' moneys have proved of great value for national debt purposes; for instance, in 1881, Mr. Gladstone borrowed no less than forty million of these funds. Moreover, the surplus interest has been treated as a banker's profit, and one million, part thereof, applied towards the erection of the royal courts of justice.

Other portions of the unclaimed moneys in Chancery have been devoted, pursuant to act of Parliament, in part payment of the salaries of the judges and other officials. It is also on record that the Four Courts, Dublin, were raised from dormant Irish funds in Chancery; and the Register House, Edinburgh, was mainly built from money arising from "forfeited estates."

The surplus assets and unclaimed dividends in bankruptcy have been similarly applied towards the payment of, and office accommodation for, the officials—doubtless, a meritorious object; but creditors or their representatives would have liked to have had a chance of sharing in these "windfalls." Many of them would certainly have been the richer had their names, addresses, and descriptions, with the amounts awaiting distribution, been published in the newspapers. Small sums of five pounds or under, of which there were doubtless many thousands, would have amply repaid the cost of advertising.

In the session of 1886, a bill, styled "Unclaimed Deposits," was introduced into the House of Commons by private members, its object being to compel companies having unclaimed funds awaiting distribution to keep a register of such unclaimed moneys, such register to be accessible to the public at all reasonable times on payment of a small fee. The second reading of this measure was carried by one hundred and seven votes to eighty-eight; but unfortunately the bill failed to become law. That some such measure is much needed is abundantly proved by the balance-sheets of the leading railway, assurance, gas, water, dock, and canal companies, which all contain a heavy item under the head of "Unclaimed Dividends."

Public attention has recently been called to the subject of unclaimed bank deposits in Scotland, by the provosts, magistrates, and town councils of certain burghs in Scotland presenting petitions to Parliament urging "the important necessity of bringing forward a measure to compel all chartered and incorporated banks in Scotland to publish the name, description, and address of every person who may have lodged moneys or securities which have not been operated upon for fourteen years. Some such arrangement would be agreeable to the spirit of the "Presumption of Life Limitation (Scotland) Act" of 1881, which assumes Scotsmen not heard of for seven years or

upwards to be dead, and their next of kin may institute proceedings to "uplift, possess, and enjoy" their estates of property. The act has given rise to many successful claims by persons desirous of possessing themselves of estates of relatives long lost sight of.

In the session of 1888 a bill was introduced by the lord advocate and solicitor-general for Scotland, by which it was proposed to give further facilities to the heirs of missing Scotsmen to "uplift" their estates, with a proviso that if within fourteen years the missing owners should reappear, they should be entitled to demand and receive back their property. "Missing heirs" have turned up unexpectedly after a considerably longer period than fourteen years' sojourn abroad, and they would certainly have a moral claim to their property, no matter if half a century should have passed since the runaway disappeared.

The unclaimed deposits in Scotch banks are supposed to be very large, and it is to be hoped that Parliament may accede to the petitions for publicity. The three oldest banks in Scotland were established in 1695, 1727, and 1746 respectively.

The need for the publicity sought for by Scotsmen is strikingly illustrated by the case of the City of Glasgow Bank, wound up some years since. At the time of the failure it had liabilities amounting to £14,000,000, with very small assets. Calls of £500 and £2,250 on each holder of £100 stock were made. These calls realized £13,063,147. Interest to the amount of £260,000, which might have been claimed by the creditors, appears to have been waived, and no claims had been made in respect of £54,143, when the liquidators obtained a special act of Parliament, transferring to an "Assets Company" the remaining debts and liabilities.

Another remarkable case was that of the Western Bank of Scotland, which stopped payment in 1857 with liabilities amounting to nearly nine millions; and after the lapse of twenty years, the fund, in the shape of unclaimed dividends, etc., remaining to be dealt with was £10,368. In the liquidators' balance sheet it is curious to note the alarming difference between nominal and estimated assets, thus—credits and overdrawn accounts, set down in the company's books at £2,800,000, or thereabouts, are estimated to realize the insignificant sum of £439, 18s. 3d. The bank was finally wound up by an act of Parliament passed in 1876.

Occasionally, but very rarely, persons interested in unclaimed dividends of banking companies are advertised for. The latest example is that of the Commercial Bank of London, calling on certain shareholders or their representatives to claim dividends on shares declared before the year 1860. The amount unclaimed is not stated, but it was recently mentioned in the House of Commons to be £13,000.

In the session of 1885 an act of Parliament, styled East India (Unclaimed Stock) Act, was passed, applying the provisions of the National Debt Act, 1870, to unclaimed dividends on unclaimed stocks, etc., of the government of India.

At the Colonial Conference in 1887, it was stated that the unclaimed dividends on colonial stocks amounted to upwards of £150,000; and it was proposed that similar provisions to those contained in the East India Unclaimed Stock Act should be applied to the stock of colonial governments.

Successive chancellors of the exchequer having for about a century utilized various unclaimed funds in the manner before indicated, it seems a convenient moment for suggesting the introduction of a comprehensive bill, dealing with *all* unclaimed funds in the following manner: (1) By compelling all banks, companies, etc., to advertise full particulars of all stocks, dividends, and deposits unclaimed for ten years or upwards. (2) In the event of no legitimate claimant appearing, the funds to be realized, and the proceeds paid over to the chancellor of the exchequer towards the reduction of the national debt, the government indemnifying the bank against future claims, and making the Consolidated Fund liable for such eventualities. And (3) lists of all such unclaimed funds to be corrected annually, and made accessible to the public at the Bank of England on payment of a small fee.

Should such a measure receive the royal assent, no one could reasonably complain; many families would be the richer; valuables lying buried in bank cellars would be utilized, and the State would come in for so enormous a "windfall" that the national debt would be appreciably reduced.

brick houses on somewhat elevated land, with a nether prospect of flaming chimneys and desolate pit-banks. The red-brick houses are tottering in parts; their foundations have given way, and none but a very potent seer may foretell when they and their inhabitants shall of a sudden be shattered, and spilt upon the land with calamitous effect. The people are as uncommon as their dwellings and the landscape before their eyes. Of politeness, I suppose they know a little more than they knew some years back, when they were a byword in the locality for their brutishness, their inhumanity, and their extremely coarse methods of speech. But they are still desperate Goths. I dare say in the parish divers heavy-limbed householders may yet be found to whom the bull-pup is dearer far than the sucking-child; and the police records sufficiently testify that the fashion of wife-kicking and kindred forms of domestic crime are still held in vast respect in the place. In fact, an expert may distinguish a Gornal young man by his savage look when he is enraged, by his broad, unparliamentary language nearly always, and by the conspicuous imbecility of his countenance when his mind and body are in a state of inactivity.

It was in this unlikely mining village, four miles from the railway, that the other day I went to see the Biblical drama of "Joseph and his Brethren" enacted in costume. I could not believe the placard when I saw it on the wall: "The Grand Sacred Cantata," it was called, "to be given by the young men and other friends" of the Wesleyan Chapel; admittance, one shilling front seats, sixpence back seats; profits to be applied for the renovation of the chapel. The names of thirty or forty men appeared, with their sacred characters appended. For Gornal it seemed incredible. The temptation to be present was not to be resisted; and so thither on the moonless evening, lit rather by the distant flames of the furnaces than by the stars, I made my way, in constant ascent, across a waste of abandoned mines, or mines once abandoned, and now being re-worked in a humble way by two or three associated miners. The November night was keen; more than once I voted myself slightly insane to trouble myself about anything in Gornal.

The chapel was not easy to find; for though the road from Sedgley, an upland village with a beacon tower on its highest ridge, was a considerable thoroughfare, with a tram-line in its midst, lamps were very few, and at very long intervals.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

BIBLICAL DRAMA IN SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

To those who know South Staffordshire, the word Gornal says a great deal. It conjures up a picture of irregular, red-

There was much mire under foot. Now and again I plunged into a pool of sludge or almost came to grief over a big stone. The wind piped icily across the watershed and wailed along the telegraph-wires. So dark was it, that collision with other pedestrians was not to be avoided. They were women as well as men; the former with shawls about their heads, and the latter with work-bags over their shoulders. The irate "who bin yo?" from one or two of their voices, seemed to testify to the disturbed, or at least supersensitive, state of their minds.

I inquired for further directions at a minute beerhouse, a fried-fish shop, and a highly respectable haberdasher's in a small way. At the beerhouse, perhaps naturally, they took no interest in Biblical drama, and knew nothing about the performance. The keeper of the fried-fish shop held a colloquy with his wife. They were chapel-folk, and it transpired that they had had a notice of the affair given out either before or after the sermon on the Sunday night. It was the "Methody" Connexion place of worship, a mile on. But most civil of all was the haberdasher, an aged lady with white ringlets. She knew all about it, and, to my astonishment, briskly pivoted herself over the counter like a boy in his teens, to give me more explicit aid.

Thus, at length, I was at the chapel door, in the main street of Upper Gornal. There was now no mistaking the spot. A group of lads and lasses and demure older folk were asking for tickets from discreet men like deacons, and much general conversation was being carried on in the sweet local dialect. Instead of "you," a man was "thou;" and the verb "to be" was conjugated from a present indicative "I" or "thou" bin, "thou" bist, etc., down to "they bin;" and the monosyllable "caw" was current for the usual dissyllable "cannot."

Descending some steep brick steps, I passed the barricade of "pastor" and other deacons, and found myself in a moderate-sized, very low, whitewashed room under the chapel itself. In one corner was the heating-apparatus, furnace, etc., for the chapel; in the other, the near corner, was the stage. A piano in the midst of a knot of damsels told of the musical interludes which the choir were to fill. The rest of the room was well packed with shock heads a-glisten with grease, Gornal maidens in assuming hats, mothers with eloquent babes whom they dared not leave untended at home, and here and there an

old man who gaped unobtrusively behind his large, horny hand.

The stage must be described. It was remarkable for its simplicity. The fact that it was not raised made it difficult for some of us to see anything. An arrangement of what seemed to be a clothes-line with green and white and crimson drapery, for the moment hid its mysteries from our eyes, but we could see burly shapes moving about in the restricted space behind. Never was there a less pretentious stage.

The pastor opened the proceedings with an address, in which he mentioned "this interesting social occasion." He was a man of the district, or his broad speech belied him. He cared nothing for aspirates and the niceties of Oxford pronunciation. Those of his flock who were in front gave him gentle and devout applause; those behind, out of his sight, began thus early the course of giggling and buffoonery which drew to a climax by the time Joseph was, in the fifth act or so, in high favor with Pharaoh. Then up went the curtain, and displayed the performers, in their Sunday black, for the singing of a hymn. *This* was the prologue.

Anon the drama began in earnest. Jacob was seen upon his knees in a black gown to his ankles, in a white wig, and a long, patriarchal white beard. Scenic effects there were none. A gas-jet hung within a yard of his head. The bare wall was behind him, and the white sheet, through which the various characters had to fight their way, bounded him upon the right hand. In this attitude, and amid these surroundings, he prayed and soliloquized for several minutes, now upraising his bearded face, and now bowing himself low towards the ground. The text he spoke was not wanting in force, if of a limited vocabulary. It was from the pen of a writer of West Bromwich, a neighboring town — one Richard Jukes — and the copies in print showed that in the year 1884 it had reached the sixth edition. One soon knew how the rhymes would run. Such words as "Oh! the weariness of my sorrow," were the inevitable fore-runners of a line with the word "morrow" as an ultimate. "Life" and "strife," "joy" and "boy," "death" and "breath," and the like, came up over and over again. Still, though restricted, the language had vigor, and Jacob did his best with it. The curtain went down on him, as it had risen upon him — alone.

In the next act Joseph's brethren, exclusive of Benjamin, appeared, to the

unmitigated interest of the audience. The stage just held them. They could not move without a previous arrangement. For costume they wore, one and all, a white gown to their shins, knotted at the waist with a scarlet cord; and on their heads were scarlet birettas, or, rather, cooks' caps. The apparition of British trousers of different colors beneath their Eastern garments had a farcical effect. To do them justice, the men kept their countenances, and maintained a sober though stilted conversation about their brother Joseph until one of them, with a melodramatic "Behold he comes!" announced the arrival of the dreamer, in his coat of many colors. The historical garment was a triumph of patchwork — bits of velvet, silk, satin, and plush being ingeniously stitched together. How the brethren scowled at the lad! Indeed, that was the characteristic of the performers throughout. They would all have done well as stage villains of the old old school, in which the rule held of the more "swagger and shriek," the better. When they decided, all save Reuben, to slay their brother, they sprang upon him with a ferocity that might well have made a maiden (not a Gornal maiden) quake. But Reuben intervened with a dagger, and thus held his brothers at bay until he had shown them how impolitic the shedding of blood would be. And so at length, carefully, the coat of many colors was unbuttoned from Joseph, a rope was put about his body, and he was clumsily, and with smiles from his brethren, thrust behind the sheet. Down went the curtain upon another act.

Hitherto there had been no gross outrage of stage propriety. But in the next act it was amazing to see a youth in the common dress of Cheapside in 1890 A.D. enter to the brothers, and make a bargain with them for Joseph. He was the Ishmaelitic merchant, which was very sad. However, the transaction put an end to the original Joseph, who now came among the audience with his hair brushed up in cockatoo fashion, and who proved to be a good-looking youth, with no ribald estimate of his previous impersonation. When his contemporaries attempted to jest with him about being in the well, and the cheapness of his sale, he turned away, and left the laugh with them. The man in broadcloth ushered in another somewhat startling scene. The brethren were shown seated in a ring upon their hams, eating something indeterminate, and drinking deep draughts of what had every appear-

ance of being malt liquor from a jug of a common kind, which went freely from mouth to mouth. This excited the profane youths in the rear so enthusiastically that the pastor had to say "hush!" once or twice. Again the curtain put an end to expectation, as a prelude to one of the most diverting of the many scenes.

We were now introduced to Pharaoh upon his throne. It was an ambitious business, carried through with heroic effort. Pharaoh sat before a light occasional table, upon which what seemed to be a Bible and a Prayer-book were arranged; and upon one side of the book was a decanter of water with a few flowers stuck in it, while upon the other was a simple glass goblet. The king was flanked by two guards, each with a drawn cutlass upon the shoulder; but oh, horror! the guards were in black broadcloth like you or me, and the tufts of white handkerchief from their breast-pockets told of the modern vanity in their souls. The monarch, however, was in crimson, and he wore upon his head a gold crown with red and green jewels in it. He spoke better than any of the other characters, had more regard for his "aitches," and a magnificent presence, including the moustache of a Hungarian.

Yet another anomaly sent an electric shock through me. The monarch when troubled about his dream summoned the magicians, whom anon he rated soundly for their incapacity. He rose with majestic movement from his throne for the purpose, and extended his sceptreless right hand towards them as if he himself meant to smite them to the ground. Needless to say how they cowered before him. The audience held it for comedy, and laughed. So, too, when the baker and butler were brought before the king, whom they told of their experience with young Joseph — a prisoner like themselves — when it was seen that they were in charge of a guard in the uniform of one of her Majesty Queen Victoria's soldiers of the line, the audience repeated its laugh. It was not the laugh of a critic. They knew the soldier, and they could see the twitching of his lips, as he bowed himself before the king of Egypt. And what a delightful bow it was — a duck of the head, a jerk of the foot, and it was done!

Then Joseph, now a mature man, with much rude eloquence in him, was duly enveloped in a crimson robe of honor like a dressing-gown, and invested with ministerial powers and the royal signet. As for the butler, poor man —

Hanged was he
Upon a lofty tree.

It would be hypercriticism to mention in detail the misuse of words during the performance in this little room of Gornal. The rule of robbing an aspirate of its rights seemed very generally observed, except by the king of Egypt. Among the local peculiarities of accent, perhaps none had more effect than the curtailment of the power of the vowel "o;" thus, "joy" and "boy" became "jy" and "by" invariably, and "voice" was degraded into "vice." Most unpleasant of all was the uniform transformation of "heavenly" into "evingly." The imagination may be left to seek and find at its leisure the other outrages which could not but follow in the train of the above.

The play continued more or less to the interest of the congregation. With certain of the lads in the distant parts of the room it had begun to pall. When the curtain dropped, they exclaimed "half-time!" as if it had been the pause in a football match; and their jests upon the action and aspect of the performers grew in breadth and coarseness. To the damsels who sat with them they whispered arch confidences, which seemed almost too much for the self-control of the girls; and their mutual dalliances were of a demonstrative kind.

Enter now Joseph's brethren, in the same garb of scarlet and white, with a request for corn. Joseph temporizes with them, and eventually calls in her Majesty's private, who arrests them all as spies. They disappear smilingly one by one, behind the curtain, the guard laying a hand upon the shoulder of each of them as he passes by. Even the pastor smiles genially at this incongruous exhibition. But amongst the others the guffaws are very loud.

In the next scene we have Jacob once more, with little Benjamin, and the brethren create excessive amusement by entering each with a ghostly white sack of something upon his back. This gives the patriarch an opportunity for much sorrowful lamentation — of which our poet has made the most. If all the performers had known their parts as well as Jacob, the effect of the play would have been improved. But some were very shaky, and prompting was frequent with all save Jacob and the King of Egypt.

It grew tedious after awhile. Nothing need be said in disparagement of the efforts of the villagers, or of the promoters of the play itself. Doubtless they did it all for the

best, and it was not their fault if the sight of it was not, upon the whole, calculated to do what the minister at the outset signified the hope it would do — to wit, serve as an educative aid, perhaps even a stimulant, to their knowledge of the Scriptures.

With Joseph's death, about ten o'clock, the drama ended, and the people of Gornal dispersed, wiping their faces — for the room was hot and ill-ventilated — and so betook them to their beds. And I, too, made my way home in the dark, just ruddied in the distance by the glare of the furnaces. The wind piped more bitterly than ever across the great irregular stretch of country, which even under the merriest of June skies and in broad sunlight cannot be said to have any intelligible beauty, and which now was suggestive of grim things solely. I felt much as I have felt after being present at a somewhat similar performance in Naples, wherein the Devil plays to the gallery in an outrageous manner, and the jests are as profane as the setting of the play is sacred.

Really, however, it was not quite so bad as this at Gornal. There was nothing outrageous on the part of the performers; now and then they grinned when they ought to have been peculiarly solemn; now and then they forgot their parts, and had to be coached by their interlocutors, or trod on each other's toes somewhat forcibly. But as a rule they were evidently impressed by their high responsibility. Their pastor in his preparatory address held them up as unconscious examples for the rest of his congregation; and they tried their best to look as if they were such examples. It is with the audience that I have a bone to pick, and particularly the very young men and boys and maidens of Gornal. I cannot think what the pastor and his deacons were about that they did not come into the back part of the room, and see and hear what was there transpiring. The more dissolute of the youths wore their hats aslant on their heads, stuck clay pipes in their mouths, and took the maidens on their knees — these latter with their handkerchiefs stuffed into their mouths to keep them from exploding with unrighteous merriment.

It was, to a stranger, very unedifying. And this while Jacob was, in his fervent and eloquent manner, bewailing that the days of man upon earth are "few and evil," or lamenting his separation from Benjamin in his old age.

The good people of the chapel in Gornal

may be given credit for excellent intentions in organizing this Biblical drama; but the contrast between the simple villagers of Ober-Ammergau and the semi-barbarians of this South Staffordshire hamlet of miners is not sufficiently in our favor to induce us to recommend the people of Gornal to go a step further and inaugurate a Passion Play also.

From The Speaker.

OUR VILLAGE BOOK CLUB.

NEVER have there been more than nine members in our book club at a time, and at present there are only six. This is less because the village is small than on account of our unwritten rule against trade. The grocer's two sisters would give their ears to join, and so would the draper's wife, but if they were admitted we should no longer be select. The chemist, it is true, is one of us, but he is semi-scientific, and a bachelor; and we have also passed (after four meetings of committee) young Mr. Turnbull, who, though himself a lawyer, is son of the old wright and undertaker. However, young Mr. Turnbull, to do him justice, is ashamed of his relations, and dodges up back streets when he sees his father coming. I need not say that we always *Mister* each other, except in letters, when we begin, "Dear sir." The club has no rooms, but it has a motto, of which we are all proud. The motto is, "Culture: the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world." The author of this is Mr. Matthew Arnold, and it was found originally by the chemist on the back of a prescription.

Each of us buys a pound's worth of books in the beginning of January, and by the 31st December we have read them all. They are passed from member to member, as the common people of the village are said (but we know little about them) to lend a cradle when required. At the end of the year each member becomes exclusive owner of his own books, or her own books; for the exciting thing about the club is that it is composed of both sexes. A member may buy one book at a pound or several books for a pound, or two members may combine for a two-pound book, and decide the ultimate ownership between themselves. These arrangements have led to some tremendous scandals, of which perhaps the worst was the discovery

in January of 1887 that the parson had never contributed more than eighteen shillings' worth in a year. Several times he pretended that he had gone beyond the pound in order to get a desirable book, but Mr. Frobisher, the banker, who buys a magazine called the *Athenæum* once every year (namely, when he takes his trip to London), learned therefrom that the parson must have falsified his prices. With the help of a magnifying glass we saw that where, say, "7s." was marked on the parson's books, he had at least added, "6d.," and at worst changed the 7 into 10. A letter, beginning "Reverend sir," was sent him on the subject, and an acrimonious meeting was held thereafter, at which he charged young Mr. Turnbull with buying books from Mudie's at half-price, and the Misses Timbs with only reading the novels. The affair was hushed up, on the understanding that in future everybody should keep a sharper eye than ever on his fellow-members.

All the books, I have said, are bought in January, and thus the club is perhaps a little behind the reading public of London. For instance, one of the 1891 books is to be "In Darkest Africa," of which we have as yet only read in newspapers. It is by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the celebrated explorer, and contains a full account of his travels in search of Emin Pasha. Mr. Frobisher and the chemist are to give this work between them, rather to the annoyance of the other members, for undoubtedly "In Darkest Africa" will be the great work of 1891, and there is always rivalry among us as to which should secure "the book of the season." The new book I am to buy is the "Life of W. E. Forster, M.P.," and the Misses Timbs are down for novels by Annie S. Swan. Young Mr. Turnbull has heard of a book called "Rudyard Kipling," by Q, but it is in paper covers, and if he buys it he must bind it in cloth before putting it into the hands of the club. Paper-covered and paste-board-covered books are not eligible, as they have an immoral tendency. Dr. Littlejohn has not yet handed in his list of books. He has written, however, as usual to "Aunt Christina," who answers correspondents in the *Parent's Help*, and she will tell him doubtless what to buy.

The present, of course, is an anxious time for us for though, as an aid to selection, we read the newspaper reviews, we cannot depend absolutely on them. Young Mr. Turnbull once risked buying a work called "The Egoist" (which he is suspected of having got cheap) on the recom-

mentation of a respectable journal; and of all the books! That was the way we spoke of it, for not one of us could discover what it was about. Poor Mr. Turnbull, who sat up three nights with it, exchanged it and one-and-six-pence for Miss Swan's new work; but the parson took him to task severely for the bargain, the other party to it being a poor though honest person who soon afterwards committed suicide. Another dreadful novel was one called "A Pair of Blue Eyes," by, I think, Mr. Thomas Besant, in which the heroine, after having allowed one man to kiss her repeatedly, allows herself to become engaged to another. This also was introduced into the club by young Mr. Turnbull, and nearly led to the resignation of the Misses Timbs. It is credited by some that young Mr. Turnbull still has this book in his possession, and that he keeps it in a drawer, except when borrowed by the brothers McCallummore, who take it home in the leg of their trousers, or by Miss Jay, a frightfully fast girl, who carries it about openly. The novelist, who, on the whole, gives us most satisfaction is Miss Annie S. Swan, whom the Misses Timbs consider very like George Eliot. Some of the male members of the club do not care so much for Miss Swan's stories, but they know that she is the most distinguished novelist of the day, and that to speak slightly of her would be a reflection on their own literary taste. Another popular novelist with us is Miss Edna Lyall, whom both Mr. Frobisher and the chemist consider helpful. The Misses Timbs, however,

while admitting the power of this lady's books, think she is too advanced, while the parson cannot read them without being agitated violently, and it is well known that they changed the religious views of John James Paterson, an excellent young man of weak intellect.

The question of oaths in books is a yearly trouble; indeed, what is to be made of a certain word beginning with *d* and ending with *n*, has been more discussed among us than any other topic. Young Mr. Turnbull, who would never have got into the club had he asserted himself as audaciously in his pre-membership days as now, maintains that this word is justifiable in certain cases. How to print it, however, is the chief difficulty. Young Mr. Turnbull, who is without a supporter in this matter, says, perhaps merely from a malicious desire to frighten the ladies, that it should be spelt, as pronounced, DAMN. A middle course is favored by the chemist, who has been courting the second Miss Timbs since 1876. He holds that we should taboo books which print that word in all its naked horror, but make allowance for authors who veil it thus: "d—n." The parson is naturally more particular. He has corresponded on the subject with the editors of all the magazines, and insists that the only Christian way of spelling damn is "—." In this way, he is confident, ladies may encounter the word without trembling; indeed, the Misses Timbs have told him this is so, and that when they find the word thus spelled, they read "Oh, stroke it," or "You be stroked!"

THE wren is generally supposed to be a gentle little bird; yet on occasion it seems capable of displaying anything but an amiable temper. In the current number of the Selborne Society's magazine, Mr. Aubrey Edwards gives from his note-book the following account of what he calls "a disgraceful scene" between two male wrens: "April 15, 1889. I have just been watching two golden-crested wrens fighting. They first attracted my attention by getting up from the ground almost under my feet, and engaging again and falling to the ground. Then rising again one chased the other into a yew-tree near, where I had a good close view of them as they challenged each other, ruffling their feathers, shaking their bodies, singing and dancing about with crests erected, the sun shining on the

orange-colored crests—such a pretty sight. After they had been talking big at each other for some minutes, the hen arrived on the scene, and a desperate fight ensued, the two cocks falling to the ground in fierce embrace, rolling over each other occasionally, but for the most part lying still on the ground with their claws buried in each other's feathers for about a minute. The hen was close by them on the ground, moving about and looking very much concerned at the affray. Her pale yellow crest contrasted notably with the rich orange of the males. After getting up, renewing the combat in a currant bush, falling again and struggling on the ground, they rose and had a chase round the yew-trees, the hen following to see the fun, and presently went off and were lost to view."

Nature.